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THE THEATRE

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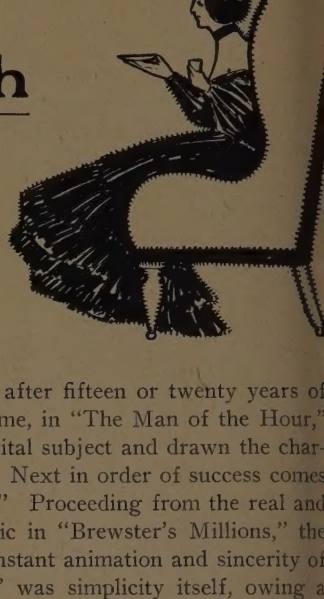
THE THEATRE

OL. VII., No. 77 NEW YORK, JULY, 1907 ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor

Otto Sarony Co.

ROBERT MANTELL AS BRUTUS IN "JULIUS CÆSAR"

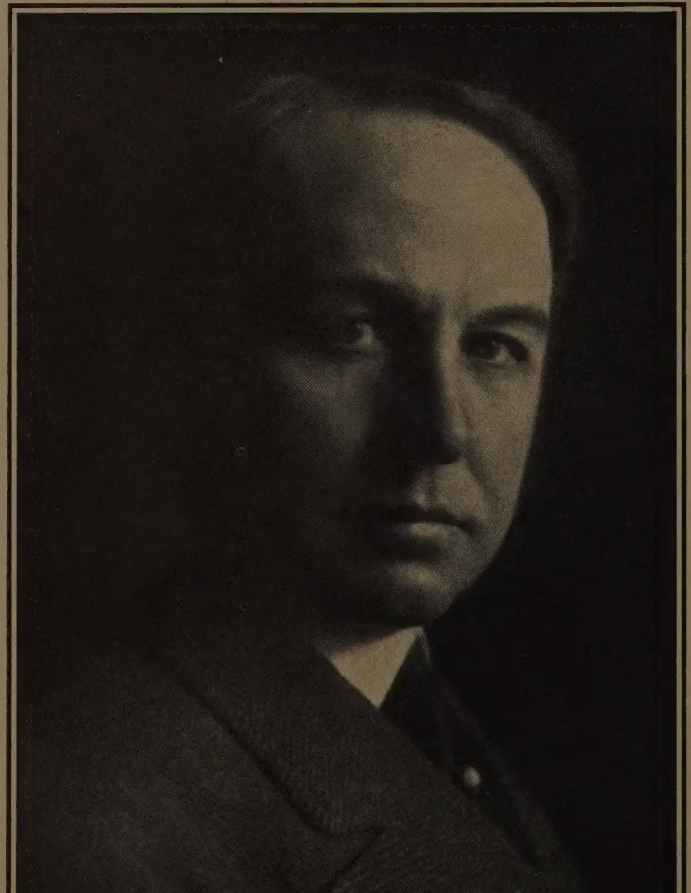
Past Season a Triumph for the American Playwright



THE theatrical season of 1906-7 was not a particularly brilliant one, but it was interesting, owing to the excellent showing made by the American dramatist. The foreign playwright was nowhere. Practically the only successes were won by native authors. The managers say they made money—which to them is the Alpha and Omega of all things dramatic—yet it is difficult to understand how this was possible in view of the many expensive productions made and the comparatively small number of successes. Certainly the season will not be remembered as one of the most brilliant in the history of our stage. If we except Mr. Percy Mackaye's poetic drama, "Jeanne d'Arc," no work of any extraordinary literary importance was put forward. None of the plays which became popular can be classed among the first rank. They pleased the public taste of the moment, but that any one of them is destined to live in the literature of the drama is doubtful.

During the season in New York new plays are put forward at about the rate of three a week. To this list might be added obscure and unconsidered ventures, just as there might be excluded from it revamped adaptations of some pretension. Dramatizations of books properly belong to it, for it always has been, and always will be, the case that a very large proportion of our best and most successful plays must be drawn from that source. Of about ninety plays produced last season, not more than ten per cent. may be recorded as successful as measured by popular acceptance or more exacting standards of value. A higher degree of skill is required in the writing of a play. Names no longer have undisputed or favorable authority, and new plays by new authors are taken on their merits. The new dramatist, it may be incidentally remarked, contrary to the absurd belief generally held, is invariably one who has given years to the acquirement of his art, and if he has not done so he is not equal to his opportunities, and may be counted out of the race.

The season has demonstrated a rapid advance in playwriting by American dramatists, new and old. The best successes have been by American dramatists with home subjects. This tendency is marked. George Broadhurst has treated of municipal political corruption in a way possible only to an American dramatist skilled in his art, after fifteen or twenty years of experience in it. For the first time, in "The Man of the Hour," he has taken hold of a real and vital subject and drawn the characters of the moment to the life. Next in order of success comes Paul Armstrong's "Salomy Jane." Proceeding from the real and the romantic we had the fantastic in "Brewster's Millions," the fantastic becoming real in the constant animation and sincerity of the action. "The Three of Us" was simplicity itself, owing a good part of its success to its fine and minute touches of actual life. "The Chorus Lady," with a conventional situation or so, was preponderatingly true in incident and new in character. "The Rose of the Rancho" was the customary triumph of an unequaled stage management in effects in lighting and other devices of the stage, with a sufficiency of the dramatic. "The New York Idea" prevailed by force of brilliant epigram, and a pitiless adherence to the superficialities of sentiment and life in a society more or less real. "The Road to Yesterday" satisfied the imaginative yearnings of many by its novelty. The success of "The Great Divide," inexplicable as it was to some in view of its false premise, must be conceded by the practical test of full houses and continued prosperity. It advances the more or less able proposition, claimed as a somewhat new discovery in psychology, that man and wife, whatever the circumstances of the marriage, are reconciled and spiritually made one by the birth of a child—sometimes. It is a professionally uplifting play for people who think they think.



Bangs

WILLIAM INGERSOLL
Lately seen in the rôle of Roger Grant in "The Builders," at the Astor Theatre

A number of other American plays were comparative failures. "The Prince of India" was the most elaborate production, surpassingly fine in some of its scenic features, the interior of a mosque being the most daring representation of interior space and architecture conceivable. Should the play be revised with reference to the unity of its action, it may yet be reckoned as an achievement. "Clothes" had the appearance of a play, but its scenic equipment could not make up for the deficiency in plot and action. William Gillette was unable to overcome by comedy the nambypambyness of his "Clarice." Mr. Fitch did some of his best characteristic writing, in incident, details and touches of character in several plays, notably "The Truth," but he de

eloped an indifference to solidity of construction that rought him defeat where he could have added to a reputa- on grounded in rare qualities of individuality and artistic kill. Mr. Klein did not score with "The Daughters of len," honest in purpose, but artificial in execution. "The louse of Mirth" was a prompt and absolute disaster, pos- bly brought about by compromises in the authorship. roadhurst's "Mills of the Gods" was ineffective because of s untenable moral and social proposition. "The Spoilers" as exceedingly virile in parts, but overwrought, and re- uires technical revision. "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy" was efficient in probability and handling. "The Lilac Room" as a hopeless mass of confusion, but it had in it the making f a farce. Miss Bingham personally never acted better. The Boys of Company B." illustrated the American ten- ency toward episode and interesting bits of life, but with- it substance in story.

Mr. Mackaye's "Jeanne d'Arc" was of the highest order f poetic beauty in verse, but lacking in cumulative force. he production maintained the advanced standard of stage oduction exercised by Sothern and Marlowe. Mr. Mans- eld's "Peer Gynt" must be reckoned as American in literary aping and stagecraft. The profusion of material baffled l effort, the character wholly unsympathetic, the symbol- m vague, the sentiment never reaching consistency or ason. Ibsen or no Ibsen, it must have sentiment and ason in it if it is ever to gain the serious attention of merican audiences. "The Ambitious Mrs. Alcott" and The Marriage of Reason" require no comment.

Our stage gained Madame Nazimova, a Russian actress, w playing in English, whose career seems assured, an ac- ess of great promise and some fulfilment. To say that she as thrown her sisters in the art into eclipse would be surdly premature. A new play produced by her was racco's "Comtesse Coquette." Her performances of Ib- n characters added something to their interpretation.

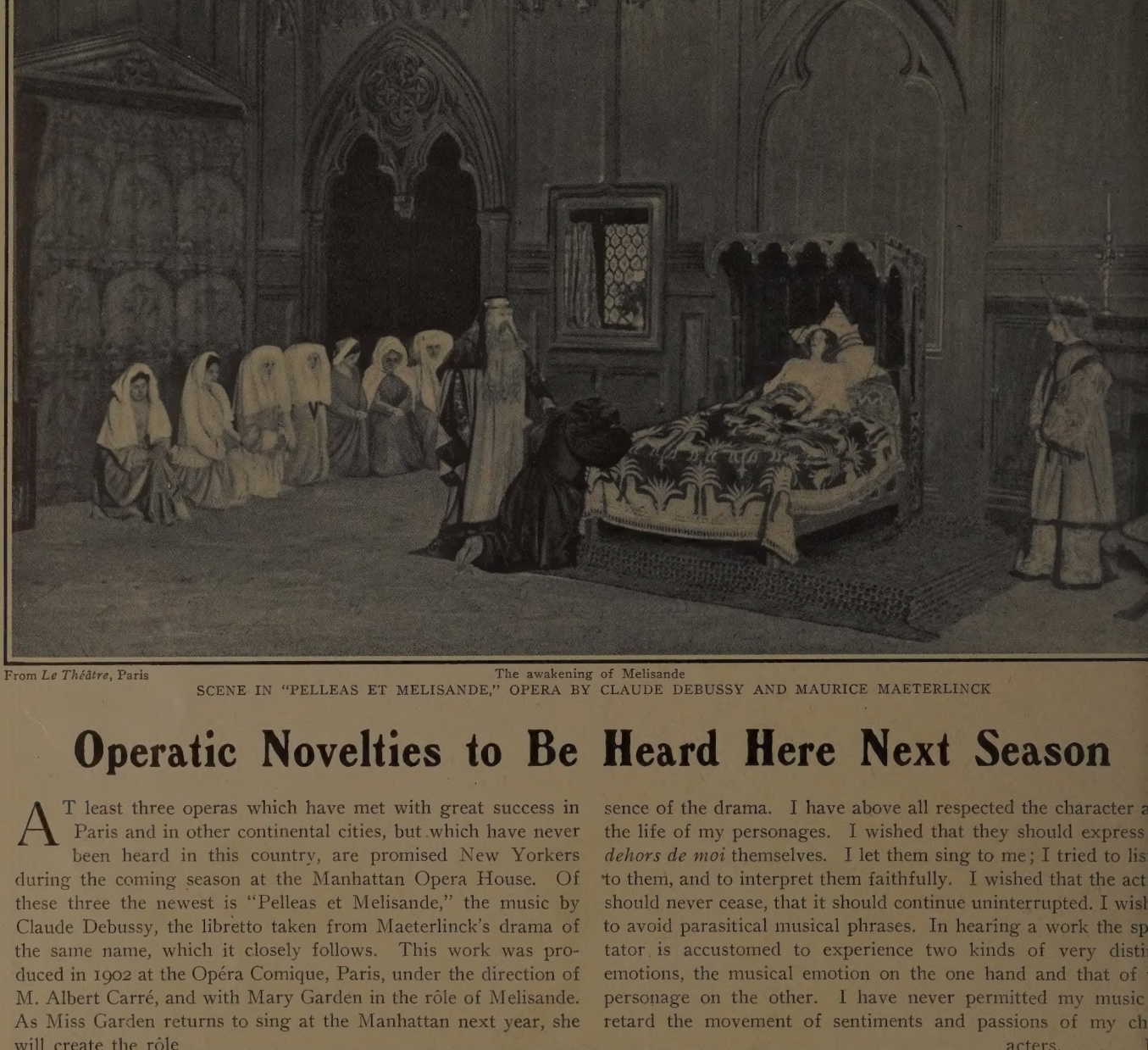
Of distinctly foreign performances, Novelli was phe- menal in the variety of his repertory. While he was cognized as an uncommon artist, criticism of him must cessarily be imperfect, unauthoritative and unsatisfactory hen addressed to a public that cannot understand him in alian. He will never conquer this country in his own lan- age. It matters not how industrious he may be or how uch there may be written of him. All acting, except in a nited repertory, by strangers in a foreign country is for e most part futile.

The season saw also the passing of Bernard Shaw. Miss len Terry appeared in his "Captain Brassbound's Con- rsion," but it converted no one to a different belief as to s brilliant mental posing. Miss Terry also played the itch play, "The Good Hope," a mournful bit of salt-water sery, harrowing enough, but without the response of rs. Pinero, with a rather artificial comedy, "His House in der," and Henry Arthur Jones, with an old-fashioned melo- ama, "The Hypocrites," maintain the standard of the Eng- h playwrights. Forbes Robertson, in Shaw's "Cæsar and eopatra," a play in which the cynic's cynicism was pene- ting and not disagreeable, established himself again with . "The Silver Box," "The Shulamite" and other English ys failed to please, as did Sudermann's "John the Baptist."

The musical comedies were less in evidence. Practically of them have been successes in their way, but criticism of em is exercised only while the horns are blowing, the music elling, the choruses in movement and the calcium is at rk, not necessarily here. Additional plays of a pleasing ality we might mention. The significance of the season s in the growing preponderance of American writers and bjects and that indifferent plays will no longer succeed. ew subjects and novelty of treatment are demanded. The tinctly conventional is banished to the smaller circuits.

Otto Sarony Co.

AMELIA STONE IN "THE ORCHID"



From *Le Théâtre*, Paris

The awakening of Melisande

SCENE IN "PELLEAS ET MELISANDE," OPERA BY CLAUDE DEBUSSY AND MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Operatic Novelties to Be Heard Here Next Season

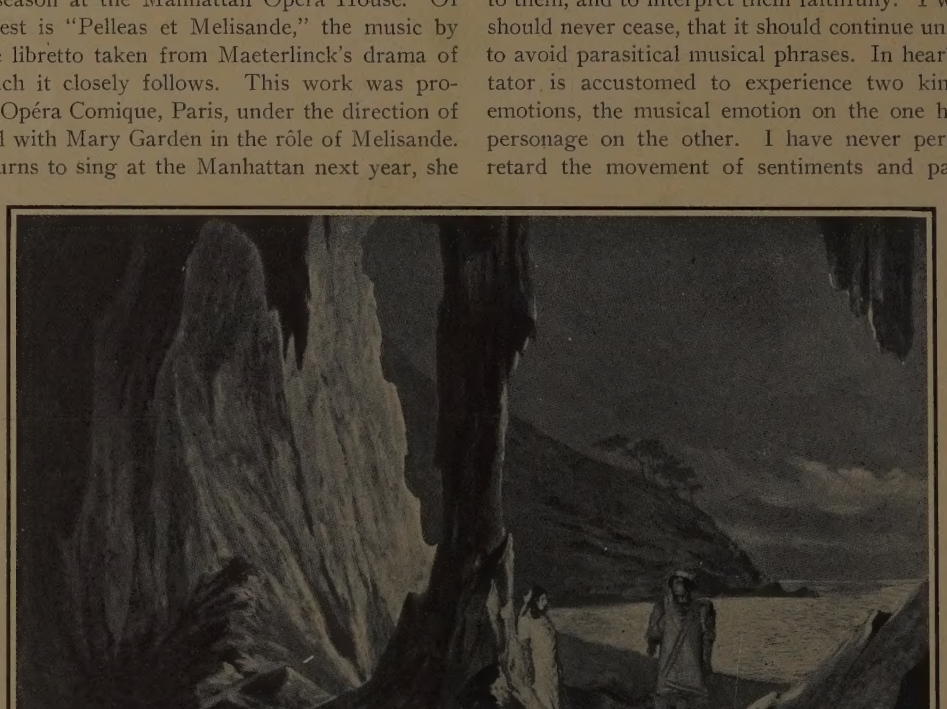
AT least three operas which have met with great success in Paris and in other continental cities, but which have never been heard in this country, are promised New Yorkers during the coming season at the Manhattan Opera House. Of these three the newest is "Pelleas et Melisande," the music by Claude Debussy, the libretto taken from Maeterlinck's drama of the same name, which it closely follows. This work was produced in 1902 at the Opéra Comique, Paris, under the direction of M. Albert Carré, and with Mary Garden in the rôle of Melisande. As Miss Garden returns to sing at the Manhattan next year, she will create the rôle for American audiences as well.

The opera is written in twelve scenes, and was staged with the care and scenic beauty which makes these Parisian productions noted. It required eight different sets, one of which is herewith reproduced. Of his opera, M. Debussy thus expressed himself at the time of its production:

"I have tried with all my strength, and with all my sincerity to identify my music with the poetic essence of the drama. I have above all respected the character a the life of my personages. I wished that they should express *dehors de moi* themselves. I let them sing to me; I tried to lis to them, and to interpret them faithfully. I wished that the act should never cease, that it should continue uninterrupted. I wish to avoid parasitical musical phrases. In hearing a work the sp tator is accustomed to experience two kinds of very disti emotions, the musical emotion on the one hand and that of personage on the other. I have never permitted my music retard the movement of sentiments and passions of my ch acters. . . . process owes no ing to Wagn with him e character has, sc say, his prospect his photograph, *leit motif*, wh always prece him. I admit t I consider t method somew coarse."

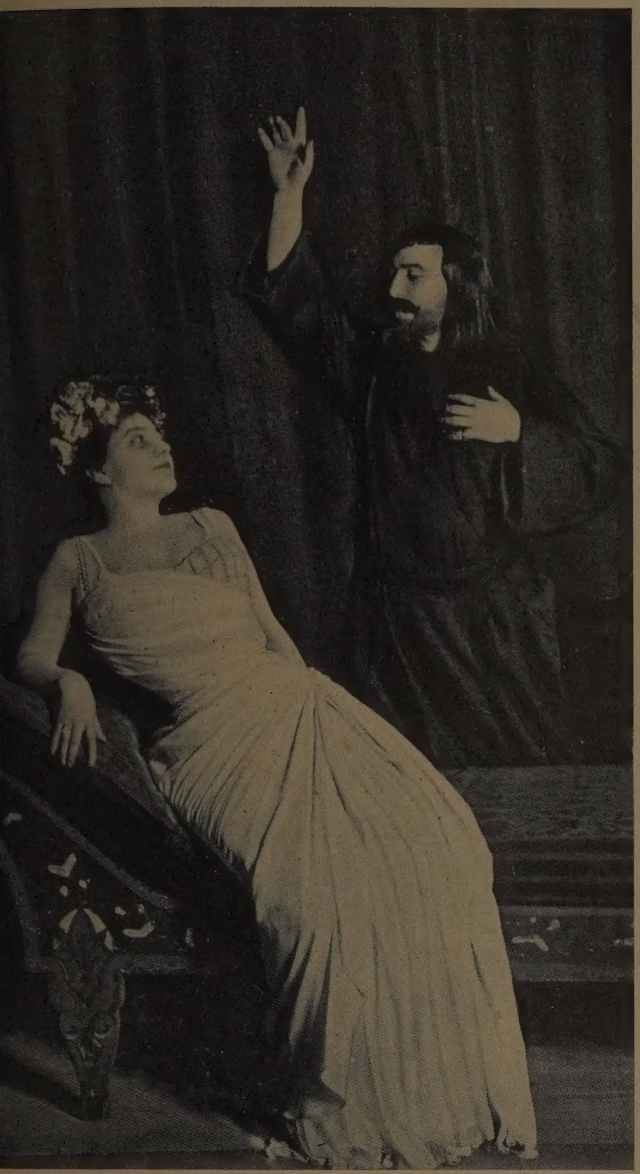
Debussy is of the few mod composers to t boldly discla any influence Wagner upon work.

Next in nove comes the op "Louise," by G tave Charpenti over which Pa became enthusi



From *Le Théâtre*, Paris

"PELLEAS ET MELISANDE"—THE SCENE IN THE GROTTO



n *Le Théâtre*, Paris
SCENE IN "THAIS," OPERA BY JULES MASSENET AND L. GALLET

upon its production in that city in the year 1900. Charpentier won the *Prix de Rome* from Massenet's class at Conservatoire in 1887, and prior to this opera had written a mber of compositions in other forms, among them a *suite nphonique* entitled "Impressions of Italy," and a symphony ma, "The Life of a Poet." In this opera he wished to depict modest home of the French workingman. It is written in ee acts and four scenes, and deals with episodes in the life of oung working girl, Louise, seduced by an artist, won back to home by her father; but unable to resist the charm of Paris, life she has led and the recollection of the lover she has left, returns. The first aria of Louise, when she recalls her mother's nsels, is charming. Later in this act the lovers invoke Paris, protectress of lovers, in a duet which also pleased greatly, as the waltz sung by tenor and chorus, *O Jolie*, in the scene of crowning of the Muses. The second scene of the opera ws the workroom where Louise is employed, and the opening the third act, the awakening of Montmartre, as done in Paris, s enthusiastically received, the tableau being most effective. Only the extraordinary indifference of New York operatic nagers to works of the French school has kept the third elty, "Thais," by Jules Massenet, off the stage in this city for long a time after its first production. This was in 1894 at the ris Opera, with Sybil Sanderson in the title rôle.

Based on the romance of the same name by Anatole France, it said that the writing of the opera was due to Mme. Massenet. One day she read an article on this book by Paul Desjardins, in which he expressed his admiration for the story, and added that it might well tempt a composer, Massenet, for instance, as subject for an opera. She mentioned this to her husband; he read the book and promptly became enthusiastic, even going so far as to mark certain passages which especially charmed him. He finally consulted with M. Gallet, who undertook to write the libretto. The finished opera was thoroughly satisfactory to M. France, something which does not always happen with the novelist whose work is dramatized.

This opera, three times rewritten, originally had a ballet in the middle, which retarded the action and has been transferred. The libretto follows the book quite closely, the monk Paphnuce becoming Athanael in the opera. As now given, the curtain rises disclosing the huts of the cenobites of Thebes, on the banks of the Nile. Athanael returns from his journeys and rejoins his companions, sad and suffering because of the conduct of Thais, the idolized courtesan of Alexandria, whom he has known earlier in his life. The old hermit Palemon endeavors to comfort him. In the second scene of this act, in the magnificent home of Nicias, the monk meets Thais again, and she endeavors to crown him with roses, refusing to listen to his admonitions. Nevertheless, in the second act, in the home of Thais, she shows that she has listened to him, that his words have had a great effect upon her, and after a reverie, the music of which is grave and simple, she breaks a statue of Eros and resolves to follow Athanael to the desert.

She reappears upon the stage with loosened hair, clad in a simple woolen robe. Nicias and his friends gather about her, imploring her to remain. Finally the Alexandrian populace, enraged at the thought of losing their idol, attempt to prevent her by force from leaving, and it is with difficulty that she escapes with her life. The third act shows Athanael alone in the desert, after having vainly implored Thais, with whom he is now madly in love, to remain with him. In a vision he sees the death of Thais, and throws himself on his knees before her. E. L.

From *Le Théâtre*, Paris
Act I. Louise and her father
SCENE IN GUSTAVE CHARPENTIER'S OPERA "LOUISE"

Master William Betty

The Infant Roscius

By HETTIE GRAY BAKER

FROM early times to the present children have taken a more or less prominent part in the production of plays, from the leading rôle, supported by adult players, to an entrance in the first act as the queen's train-bearer. In the latter capacity a small boy is an humble but useful member of the mimic world. As the star he becomes a thorn in the flesh.

It was a company of children that produced all of Lilly's plays, and was the first to give many of Shakespeare's. It achieved great popularity, but "Rosencrantz's" impatient remark about the "little eyases" reveals the light in which the master playwright saw these juvenile actors. Among the favorites was Salathiel Pavey, who has come down to us in Jonson's lines. The child was famous for his impersonations of old men. He died at the age of thirteen,

"Yet three filled Zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel."

Poor little Salathiel Pavey!

In our own time, although child actors are common enough, and frequently play an important part in the development of the plot, we see less and less of the unfortunate Infant Phenomenon, which Dickens caricatured so skilfully in "Nicholas Nickleby." In the musical world he is still flourishing.

From the best in the "aiery of children" in Shakespeare's day to the popular child actor of the present season, no prodigy has created such excitement, has been the object of such unbridled infatuation as a little English-born, Irish-bred boy, who lived a little over one hundred years ago.

Master William Henry West Betty is indeed a unique figure in the annals of the stage. That the furore was as short lived as it was intense is but natural; a lover of the finest in dramatic history cannot but regret that it existed at all.

From an engraving

MASTER BETTY
The phenomenal boy actor

Born in 1791 in Shrewsbury, he was moved with his family to Ireland when he was five years old, and Belfast may claim the honor of his first appearance, August 16, 1803. When he was eleven he saw Mrs. Siddons as Elvira in "Pizarro," and the sight of that incomparable genius fanned a liking for recitation into an absolute passion for the stage. Hough, prompter at the Belfast Theatre, went to the Bettys, ostensibly for a visit, but in reality to train their son in the career for which he so ardently longed.

This Hough became a faithful friend and constant companion, and Master Betty probably owed much of his skill to the prompter's careful training. All his rôles were interlined with the most minute directions: "Here raise your voice"; "Lower your voice here"; "Put the right leg forward"; "Withdraw it here." Later, when Betty's receipts ran into the thousands, Hough was discharged without cause, but so great was public indignation th the phenomenon's father was obliged to act squarely, and settle an annuity upon him. Little else is known of him. One write gives the name as Houghton, but there is apparently no authori for this.

Betty's first appearance was as Osman in the tragedy of "Zara The announcement by Mr. Atkins, the manager, is no less curiou than the events which followed:

"Mr. Atkins presents his respects to the ladies and gentlemen of Be fast and the public, that, willing to bring forward every novelty in h power, he has, through the intercession of several ladies, prevailed on t friends of a young gentleman only eleven years old, whose theatric abilities have been the wonder and a miration of all who have heard him, perform in public two or three of t characters he most excels in."

The reader is left with the co fused impression that in Belfa ladies and gentlemen were being quite apart from the public at larg but in spite of caste, everyone w urged to see friends of a certa young gentleman perform in rôles which the said young gentleman e celled. However, the intention w good, notwithstanding a somewh involved way of expressing it, a Belfast was not critical.

The effect of the performance w electrical, and the wave of enth siasm was started which culminate in positive delirium in London a ye or more later.

From the beginning Master Bet was remarkable for a perfect sel possession which never left hi Both on and off the stage he carri himself always with the utmost ea and elegance, never seeming awkwa or shy. This unusual quality in child, coupled with undoubted pe sonal magnetism, accounts in measure for the extravagance of h admirers. At Dublin and Cork it was the same story: immedia and complete conquest. Our Irish cousins, who do nothing halves, hailed him as the Infant Roscius, and their enthusias ran riot. Even critical Scotland, to which he next went, was n proof against his power, and Edinburgh, the coldest of citie joined in the common frenzy. It was during this tour that daring critic — one worthy of his calling, it would seem — e pressed dissent, and had to leave the city!

Rumors about this remarkable child, this Infant Roscius, ha of course, reached England, and William Macready, father of t famous actor, counted himself lucky to secure him. Betty play first at Birmingham, and from there made a tour of the province Hotels were full to overflowing, boxes were engaged weeks ahea and for each performance stage coaches arrived from miles arou crowded with enthusiastic playgoers. Numerous stories of th

tto Sarony Co.

MARIE DORO

This popular young actress will be starred by Charles Frohman next season in a play called "The Morals of Marcus," one of London's biggest successes

Otto Sarony Co.
MARIE LOUISE GRIFFEN
Sings the title rôle in "Neptune's Daughter" at the Hippodrome

Marceau
JANET BURTON
Seen in "The Parisian Model" at the Broadway Theatre

Lallie Charles
HELEN ROBERTSON
May be seen this season in an important metropolitan production

blind following are told; they serve to illustrate the heights of folly to which intelligent people may aspire.

He added a large number of characters to his repertoire, playing most of the popular romantic parts, as well as Hamlet, Romeo and other Shakespearian rôles. Being a quick study, Hamlet was a mere bagatelle, and it was announced to an admiring public that he had learned the part in three days. Probably a truly discerning critic would have believed it implicitly, as well as the story of his learning Richard III. as he sailed from Belfast on his way to Glasgow.

In appearance he was decidedly handsome. His figure was slender and very graceful; his eyes were a clear, shining blue; his features clear-cut, the mouth sensitive and expressive; his hair golden and worn in ringlets over his shoulders. In character he was a lovable little fellow, boyishly fond of fun, generous and unaffected.

The objective point of an English actor's career is, of course, London, and curiosity having been sufficiently aroused, Master Betty made his first bow there from the Covent Garden stage on December 1, 1904. The play was "Barbarossa," Betty taking the part of Selim. The evening baffles description. Hours before the performance crowds were waiting in the street. When the doors were opened the house filled to suffocation in a few minutes, and those who could not get in struggled so desperately that not until a line of soldiers was drawn up before the entrance was comparative order restored.

"The theatre, too small, did suffocate
Its squeezed contents, and more than it admitted
Did sigh at their exclusion, and return
Ungratified; for BETTY there, the *Boy*,
Did strut and storm and straddle, stamp and stare,
And show the world how Garrick did not act."

MAUDE FULTON
Who made a hit as the private secretary in "The Orchid"

Inside the theatre all was confusion and tumult until Master Betty's appearance in the second act. Both prologue and first act were perfectly inaudible, and were hurried through as quickly as might be.

Boaden has left us a most interesting account of this first night, valuable not only because by an eye-witness, but for its impartial tone and balanced judgment.

"At length, dressed as a slave, in white linen pantaloons, a short, close, russet jacket, trimmed with sable, and a turban hat or cap, at the command of the tyrant, on came the desire of all eyes—Master William Henry West Betty. . . . He was a fair, pleasing youth, well formed, and remarkably graceful. The first thing that struck me was passion for the profession that had made him an actor; he was doing what he loved to do, and put his whole force into it. The next thing I felt was, that he had amazing docility, and great aptitude at catching what he was taught—he could convey passions which he had never felt, nor seen in operation, but on the stage. Grace, energy, fire, vehemence, were his own—the understanding was of a maturer brain. He seemed, however, to think all he said; and had he been taught to pro-

nounce with accuracy, there was nothing beyond requisite for the profession."

This was the beginning of a year of extraordinary popularity. He was the idol of London. Artists painted, poets praised, duchesses petted, royalty fêted, and, this the crowning triumph, Parliament, on motion of William Pitt, adjourned to see him play Hamlet!

In the calmer light of history, this insane enthusiasm seems absurd and inexplicable. But this child-actor certainly made a deep impression on thoughtful people; and careful critics found much in him to praise. The estimates of contemporary actors are more interesting than valuable. When such artists as John Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Kean, Elliston, Cooke and Mrs. Jordan had to play to empty houses on his account, their regard for his ability could not but be prejudiced. Mrs. Siddons refused point-blank to play with him; and it would take a lively pen to describe Kemble's feelings on being asked if he did not consider Master Betty the finest actor on the stage. Surely, never a monarch knew his own worth and rank better than did this ultra-dignified head of the Kemble family. His reply was masterly: "I have never, my lord, seen the young gentleman *play*." Mrs. Charles Mathews' comment was at least conservative and kindly: "He was . . . altogether an engaging and surprising youth."

The financial side of all this was very satisfactory. The boy's father, either from greed, or a realization that such popularity could not last, worked him without ceasing. A tour of the provinces immediately followed the arduous London engagement, and every opportunity to reap the golden harvest was seized. The sums he received were unprecedented, and it is pleasant to know that their careful investment placed the child-earner in comfortable circumstances for the rest of his long life. During this first season at Drury Lane he played twenty-eight nights, alternating with Covent Garden—receiving about one hundred pounds a night; two benefits netted him twenty-five hundred pounds; and later, at Birmingham, he received a thousand pounds for thirteen nights.

The turning of the tide was not delayed. Hardly had his second season begun when it was evident London excitement was less intense, and by the third the public mind was quite normal again and cared little for Master Betty. The provinces were faithful a year or two longer, but a boy of seventeen cannot well pose as an infant phenomenon, and in 1808 Master Betty wisely retired.

He entered Cambridge, and later the Shropshire yeomanry, but the stage allured, and in 1812 we find him back again for twelve years more. Estimates of him at this period are at absolute variance. Genest thought him "the worst actor who ever came before the public (except in a part for trial) as a first-rate performer." Macready said that the public was determined to visit on him the punishment for its own ridiculous extravagance of the years before. Certainly Macready was a man of keen judgment and wide experience, and he says unreservedly that not only did William Betty often play very well, but occasionally showed flashes of real genius. Further, "the conviction was pressed upon me that if he had not to his prejudice the comparison of his boyish triumphs, and the faulty manner derived from frequent careless repetition, he would have maintained a distinguished position in his maturer years."

In August, 1824, he left the stage forever, and a curious episode in its history was closed. Though he lived fifty years longer, it was in the quietest possible way, greatly beloved by the few who knew him, by the world forgotten.

Had a mania, comparable in its nature to the tulip craze in Holland and the Salem witchcraft, and based on nothing but the pretty antics of a fair-haired child, affected the people of the British Isles; or did there exist in Master Betty remarkable talent, potential genius, forced to unnatural and premature expression, and killed by the tremendous strain to which it was cruelly subjected?

RALPH LEWIS AND MARGARET WYCHERLY IN "THE PRIMROSE PATH"

"The Fleet of the Emigrants," a comedy by Vincenzo Morello, is attracting attention in Italy. The action takes place in modern times, in the political world, among bankers, deputies and business men. Yet the comedy is not exclusively political—social; there is also a love story. The emigrants are the representatives of a certain modern generation which has "emigrated" from every ideal to dwell in a land of more or less shady transactions. This crowd of moral emigrants has abandoned the land of the ideal, the land of dreams, the dominion of illusions, ambitions, hopes, brave battles and not inglorious victories. There are numerous characters in the drama, which is highly dramatic, and according to one of the actors who takes part in it, it seems written by one who shows the ability and stage technique of a dramatic writer of the first order.

With a work which has had great success, a talented dramatist has appeared in Holland. His name is J. Fabricius, and he is a native of Haarlem. His comedy is pronounced the best dramatic work that has been written during the past 10 years.

Our leading players all had to travel the hard road of adversity. The fittest have survived the ordeal; the incompetents fell by the way. In this series, actors and actresses, now famous, will themselves tell each month how they worked humbly and patiently in obscurity, without money, often without enough to eat, before success came.

My Beginnings

By ANNA HELD

I WAS born in Paris. Voila! That is settled. For they have had me born everywhere else, even in Indiana. Particularly have they wanted me to be born in Alsace-Loraine, but I had never seen Alsace-Loraine until I went there on an automobile trip with my husband. And birth antedates husbands always, does it not? So away with Alsace-Loraine. They have had me from Poland, but that was not I but my mother. And my birth the chroniclers have made to occur in London. But I did not see London until I was twelve years old. It was Paris, Paris, Paris, a good place to be born in, as good even as America, though I prefer as a place to marry in America.

Burr McIntosh ANNA HELD

Now I am born in Paris. Good! My mother, I have said, was a Pole. She was also intensely religious. My father was a Parisian, although his name was Held. Some forgotten ancestor may have been a German, but he was not merely forgotten. He was never known by me. Papa was a small glove manufacturer. He had five or six persons working for him. We lived in the Fourth Arondissement next to a schoolhouse. We were not rich, nor were we at the time I can first remember very poor. We were comfortable.

I was the last child, the youngest, and my mother said many prayers for me. For she had had seven children, and one after another when they were two months, three months, a year old, they died. Mamma prayed very much for me that I should live. She was always taking me to the priests to pray that I should not die. One of them gave her strange advice.

"Engage her to someone, so that two lives instead of one will be at stake. Then we will pray for herself and her husband, and the little ones that shall be, and the good Lord will hear," said the good priest. And my mother did as they said. She found a neighbor who was willing to have her little boy betrothed. The boy was five years older than I. I never saw him until I was eleven years old. He was then sixteen. He had had the disease that leaves holes in your face. Yes, the smallpox. When I saw him I shook my head. The engagement was broken.

ANNA HELD AT EIGHTEEN

When I was nine, my father became ill. The glove business without his presence grew less and littler, and after awhile the last operator was gone. The business, as you say in America, had "gone up in smoke." We then opened a little restaurant. It seemed to serve no other purpose than to enable me to stay about in the kitchen and taste all the good things, and learn how they were made. The lessons were excellent. I am still a good housekeeper. When I have no cook I can myself prepare and serve our dinners. But the little restaurant failed. My father grew sicker and sicker. We grew poorer and poorer.

At last I had to find work. It was, at first, cleaning and curling plumes. I went to the Latin Quartier after school, got the plumes and took them home, and at night we curled them. In the morning I carried them back again and hurried off to school. For us it was a tragedy when I was kept after school, and that happened more and more as we grew poorer, and my body was less and less well nourished, and it was more and more difficult to study.

After the plumes came buttonholes. I went to a shop to make them. Because I was little and the youngest in the shop they gave me the darkest corner. I left it soon to make fur caps. There they placed me at a long table where a half dozen other girls worked. In the middle of the table were bits of fur the size of the palm of my hand. We pasted these carefully, fitting the ends exactly together, and made little caps of them. Often I saw rich children wearing to school the gray and brown caps I had made.

While we worked I sang to the girls the songs I had heard on the streets. They liked them and would sometimes stop in their work to listen, but I always went on with my pasting and would say, with a look at the boss in another part of the room, "Work, work, or I cannot sing." The fur sewing and the singing went on until the end came for papa. He died in the Hôtel Dieu. It is a hospital like your Bellevue.

My mother, alone and very poor, and helpless, thought of some relatives she had in London. We went to the big city, but we never found them. My mother was ailing from the time we arrived in

ANNA HELD AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN WITH HER MOTHER

Photo Paul Boyer Paul Mounet (Le Marquis de Nançis) Mme. Bartet (Marion de Lorme) Mounet-Sully (Le Roi Louis XIII) Louis Delaunay (Duc de Bellegarde)

The Comédie Française has just revived with great success Victor Hugo's celebrated drama, "Marion de Lorme," which has not been performed in Paris for many years. The interpretation of all the rôles has been distributed among the leading artists of the House of Molière. The picture shows the scene in Act IV, representing a hall in the Château de Blois, where Marion de Lorme begs Louis XIII to pardon her lover, Didier, who has been condemned to death

Revival at the Comedie Francaise, Paris, of Victor Hugo's Celebrated Drama "Marion de Lorme"

Otto Sarony Co.

AMY LESSER
Recently seen as Millie in "The Chorus Lady"

London. We had a poor little room next door to the Princess Theatre. One day as I passed one of the managers, knowing that my mother was very sick, asked me whether I did not want to go the stage.

"Yes, but I don't know what to do," I said.

My mother was too sick and in too great need to object. She allowed me to go and join the chorus. I received five shillings a night, very little it was, but a fortune beside the franc a day that I had earned by curling plumes and working buttonholes and making the little fur caps.

In those days, even before I left Paris, I was large for my age. Although when I was only twelve I looked sixteen. The foremen in the shops where I worked wanted to marry me, and at the theatre the girls were jealous of me, fancying that I was old enough to steal their sweethearts.

I had been in the chorus for three weeks, when one day I was coming down a dark, narrow flight of stairs from the stage and met one of the girls, who was coming up.

Catching my head with one hand, she buried her long fingers in my hair. With the other hand she struck me again and again in the face, giving me two black eyes. I had to be taken home and was there a week before I could go back to my place in the chorus.

But the attack only seemed to make sympathy for me. The manager began giving me parts to play and songs to sing, and my salary increased.

I did not know English, but I could speak, of course, French, and my mother had, in our better days, engaged governesses to teach me after school German and Polish and Spanish. These were of use to me, and little songs in the languages were written for me.

My mother grew worse, and ten months after my father died and four months after we had come to London she died. I was alone in the world. I knew of no relatives of mine. I was twelve years old. When my mother had been buried there was not a shilling left.

One of the proprietors of the theatre, who owned a jewelry store, wanted to marry me. My mother had wanted me to marry him, although I was only a child. But a strange thing had made me decide. It was while my mother lay ill and the suitor had come to sit up at her bedside. He fell asleep, and while he was thus off guard I sat staring at him. He was a very big man with a large red mustache. He sat with his head bent forward on his breast, snoring softly, and while he slept he scratched his chest. It was most unpoetic. I resolved then that I would not marry him.

It was a few weeks after my mother died that the company that was playing at the Princess was sent to Holland. I went with it. By some stupidity the company left its music behind. We could not open. The director of the theatre said to me: "Why are you with such a poor company? Why don't you go to one of the music halls?"

I answered him as I had answered the man at the Princess. "I do not know what to do."

He said: "Get a few songs. Buy them on the street. Learn and sing them. That is all."

So I did, and so I succeeded. For two months I remained in Amsterdam singing chansonettes in the music halls and living at the home of the director's family. From Amsterdam I went to Rotterdam, where I sang for several months. Then came opportunities to go to Scandinavia. I sang in Christiania for several months, then in The Hague and in the German cities. People wrote songs for me. From the first I earned my living. And when I was fifteen I had started a bank account. Moreover, I have added to it ever since. In that I was wiser than your American girls, who are very extravagant. Do you know any American working girls of fifteen who have bank accounts?

I was sixteen when I felt that I could now advance upon Paris.

I found no obstacles. I was engaged at El Dorado and later at La Scala, which was under the same management, for the reviews. You have nothing quite like them here. Events of the week or month were alluded to in a manner very French. One of my bits was Le Colignon. I was dressed as a driver, with a little coat and hat like a man's and a whip. They liked me as Le Colignon. Then I was a postage stamp, wearing a white ballet dress, a white aigretted cap, and on my skirt and at my waist and on my corsage large green postage stamps. That too Paris liked.

But meanwhile I was studying. I had singing from the teacher of Calvé and diction from another. And I went about to the hospitals. At that time I wanted to be a

Schloss

DOLORES McLEAN
American actress now playing in Paris

Sarah Bernhardt. So I went to the hospitals to watch people suffer and die. I wanted to study tragedy by looking at the faces of the sick and dying. In Philadelphia last winter I did the same thing, but for another reason. I never wanted to be soft. I wanted to be hard so that I could bear anything that might come to me. In Philadelphia I witnessed an operation which no one but the doctors and the nurses could look upon. That was not to learn tragedy but to make me hard.

I received an offer to sing at the Palace in London. I sang French songs. One day the director, Mr. Plumpton, said: "Miss Held, why don't you sing an English song? It would please the people, even if you don't get the words right."

"Yes, what shall I sing?" I asked.

"Anything," he answered.

I remembered that at the Wintergarten in Berlin, where the people had liked me very much, the German director had said the same thing.

"Miss Held, why don't you sing something in German? It would please the people very much even if you did not get the words right."

I wanted to please the Germans and so tried to learn *Die Kleine Schrecke* (The Little Teaser). I sang it at the Wintergarten. They liked it. I told Mr. Plumpton this and sang the song for him. He was delighted with it.

"Now won't you not make it over into English for me?" I coaxed. He did, and the song was *Won't You Come and Play Wiz Me?*

Mr. Ziegfeld and Mr. Evans, of Hoey and Evans, were at the Palace one night and heard me sing it. The next morning they called on me to ask whether I wanted to go to America.

"My salary is a thousand a week," I said.

Mr. Ziegfeld looked blank. He has told me since that when he and Mr. Evans went away he said, "That's a lot of money," but Mr. Evans said, "The act's worth it."

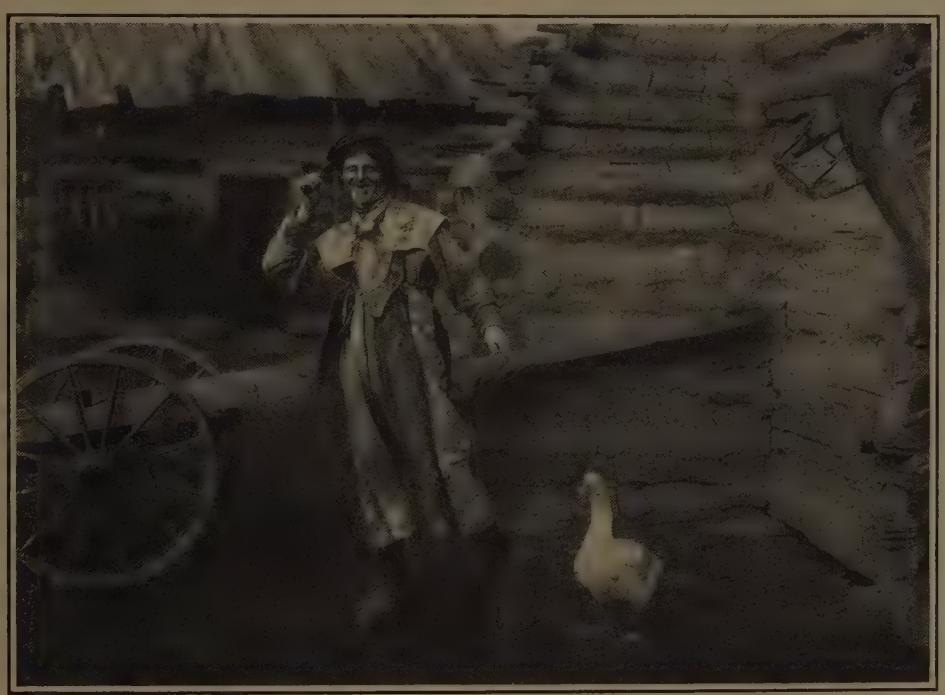
Ah, but I dreaded going to far America! I made my testament —my will. I expected to be very sick. I was very sick, but the crossing was at last over, and I arrived in New York. "The Parlor Match" opened, and I sang the song, *Won't You Come and Play Wiz Me?* that the Americans liked so well. In a year I married Mr. Ziegfeld, my manager, and of what followed, "Papa's Wife," "The Little Duchess," "Mlle. Napoleon," and "The Parisian Model," Americans know.

The Hippodrome's Wonderful Goose

IF any one were to say to Dick:

"Goosie, Goosie, Gander,
Whither do you wander?"

his reply would be a most interesting one, especially if he were inclined to be reminiscent, for Dick, the learned goose of the New York Hippodrome, is a much experienced biped who has traveled in nearly every state in the Union and in very many foreign lands. He has also appeared in every exposition since the World's Fair in Chicago, including those of San Francisco, Atlanta, Nashville, Omaha, Philadelphia, Buffalo and St. Louis. It is even said that he has swum the River Jordan. But if his life is adventurous now, his first appearance before the public was even more so, for it began with a tragedy which almost cut off his career, to say nothing of his head, since by the mere lifting of a finger he was saved from an early death beneath the stroke of an axe!



MR. POWERS AND HIS GOOSE

In 1873 his present owner, Clyde W. Powers, was passing through a market in Chicago, when, as he was about to pass the stall where Dick awaited a chance purchaser, his attention was attracted to the unconscious victim in his crate. Something about the goose appealed to Mr. Powers, and he bought him on the spot, and thereupon began a friendship that nothing but death can break.

Dick was full grown when he was purchased, so that Mr. Powers does not know how old he is, but he has already lived thirteen years with his friend and partner, and it is safe to say that the goose is "no chicken." Dick has swum upon every large river in this country from the Rio Grande to the St. Lawrence, and has rocked upon the surface of every great lake, including Great Salt Lake. He has dipped into the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans and has climbed many mountains. He was swimming happily in the Lagoon at Buffalo Fair grounds only a few yards from President McKinley when that martyred soul was struck down by the hand of an assassin and a nation was plunged into mourning.

Among Dick's boastful achievements is the fact that he has marched in three Presidential inaugural processions, only missing the last because he had signed for a year with the managers of the New York Hippodrome and they could not release him long enough for him to add this honor to his career.

Like all noted individuals, Dick has his petty annoyances, chiefest of which is the trouble that so constantly assails him through the intervention of the Society of Cruelty to Animals. But this is usually due to the shortsightedness of some kind-hearted woman in the audience who will see Dick drawing his little red wagon across the stage in stately dignity and immediately conclude that his stately dignity covers a bleeding heart that is pining away from ill treatment, and so enters a complaint against the kindest of masters. So far from being unhappy, his life before the footlights is the great joy of Dick's existence.

LOUISE D. MITCHELL.

William Collier—the Man and the Comedian

CHATS WITH PLAYERS No. 55

"I DEPEND most of all for my effects upon the switch."

It sounded like the severe dictum of a schoolmaster, but was instead the working maxim of a comedian, perhaps the greatest, certainly the most successful of American comedians. The young man who uttered it might have been anything else than a schoolmaster. He looked rather the man of business, but for any sign of feature or manner or dress he might have been a prosperous man about town, or a well-to-do professional traveler, a corporation counsel or the man who manages his own affairs. One profession would seem barred to him, that of the actor. He was such an exceedingly quiet young man. In the hour and a half of our chat in the office of the Garrick Theatre he was as gestureless as a statue of stone. And his features had the repose of that sphinx of commerce, the glacial, automatic person whose face is framed in the window beneath the legend "Teller" in one of the city's biggest and busiest banks.

He wore a suit of neat and quiet gray, a dull red tie, and an air of imperturbable gravity. He was good looking in a boyish, unostentatious way. He was not aggressively this, nor dominatingly that, but simply, naturally, and intelligently American. There is a delightful absence of conscious or unconscious "airs" about William Collier. This blessed lack, which has helped to make him a comedian of comedians, has also made him the monarch of good fellows.

Copyright Talma, Melbourne

WILLIAM COLLIER

"By the switch I mean the sudden change from one idea or one form of speech to another. To illustrate that take the yacht scene in 'On the Quiet.' You remember that I am married to a girl and no one but she and I know it. A reporter comes on the yacht and gets uncomfortably near our little domestic story. The girl's brother becomes very much excited.

"'What did you tell him?' he demands. 'Why don't you say you hadn't seen her?'

"'But that would be a lie,' I answered. A pause, then 'Besides I did tell him.'

"That was one of the best lines in the piece, and the value of it lay in the switch, the sudden turn from one accepted idea to an unexpected one. It is the broken line with surprise to give it value.

"To illustrate again, there is 'The Dictator.' When the governor is bullying me and I don't know his language I get my best laughs in a speech that means nothing and that is never finished. 'I am doing this,' I begin, 'in the hope'—after awhile I begin in quite another tone—'in the hope,' and afterwards fairly yell what the frantic governor thinks is an insult but is only 'in the hope.' In this case the dash or break makes the switch.

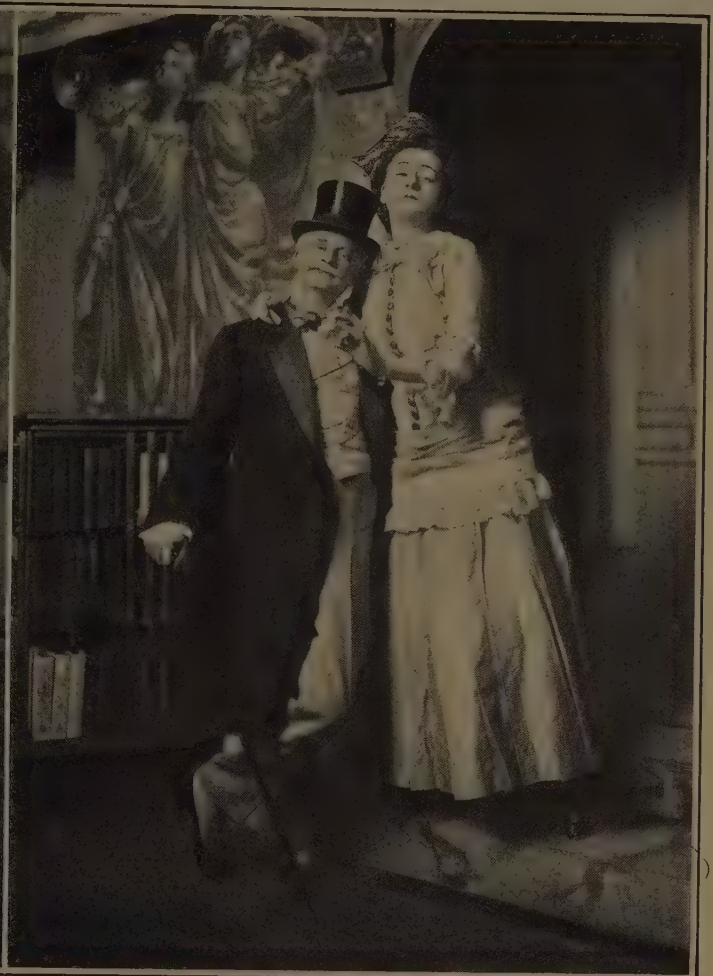
"In 'Caught in the Rain' we have it again. I play a bashful fellow who runs away from women. Someone asks me why I avoid them and I begin to tell the story. The band strikes up and drowns what I am presumably saying. When the band finishes, of course the audience wants to hear that speech, but there is none. I finish with 'That's why.' That's another switch. While we were writing the play I undertook to work out a long speech explaining why I was afraid of women. But for purposes of farce it is well to let the audience do some of the thinking. Besides I remembered the value of the switch."

I told Mr. Collier that critics had said his comedy was unanalyzable and invited him to analyze it himself. A little flicker of a smile crossed his grave countenance.

"It's a little hard for an actor to criticise his own work," he

'Fascinating Flora," the New Casino Show

Frederick Bond Adele Ritchie Louis Harrison



Charles Jackson Ada Lewis

ACT II. DEPARTURE OF THE FASCINATING FLORA IN THE BALLOON

LAURA NELSON HALL
Who will take Carlotta Nillson's place at the Madison Square next season

said, then with Collier-like directness addressed himself to the task.

"I think I depend most upon what I don't do," he said. "For instance, in 'Caught in the Rain' I have a scene with Miss Laurel. I have a scene with the widow. I want to get rid of her. Now I might do a great many things. There might be contortions of the body and facial grimaces and wild gestures expressing despair. A good many actors would have expressed their feelings in that way, but in my opinion that would be too obvious. What I did was to indicate a word or two with the waiter, though I didn't speak it. He got her out. Then I handed him a dollar. That dollar told the story. Why smother it with speeches and gestures?

"In the same play I have a scene with Miss Laurel who plays the frigid young woman from the East. I sit opposite her at table and say practically nothing, and do almost nothing. For that scene I depend upon pantomime."

"Do you depend greatly upon pantomime?"

"Indeed I do. Don't you think it is a shame that it is so much overlooked by the actor?"

"Indeed I do. Who taught you pantomime?"

"No one. I just knew it somehow, and have learned more and more about it by constant rehearsals. I learned a great deal from Augustin Daly in the six years when I was his call boy and he permitted me to play small parts. He taught me repose and deliberation, and the immense value of the pause. By listening to his rehearsals I got a clue to proper reading. He himself got more out of a line than almost anyone I ever knew. He established in my mind a standard of thoroughness that, I hope, nothing has ever lowered."

Mr. Collier became an actor, not by grace of God nor force of circumstances, but because he couldn't help it. It was ordained when Edmund Collier, the English tragedian, was predestined to be his father, and Henrietta Engel, an actress with Laura Keene, his mother. Even uncles count somewhat in the matter of heredity, and James Collier, long of Shook and Collier, of the Union Square Theatre, is one of the hereditary assets of the theatrical Colliers. Lizzie Hudson Collier, an excellent actress, is his sister, and there are several other Colliers who act. His destiny was unescapable.

"I could not help being an actor, but I might have been a tragedian, for my father was one. Heredity made me an actor, but I made myself a comedian. Comedians are made, not born."

William Collier, bad, small boy, evolved at nine years of age into an actor. That was twenty-eight years ago.

"I heard about the Juvenile Pinafore Company organizing at the Fourteenth Street Theatre and went down to apply. I was very small for my age, and thought while I was waiting for the door to open and busily whittling a big stick that this would be in my way. I recalled the magic of names and decided upon my plan of campaign. There were three hundred boys asked for in the advertisement. That was so that they could have their choice from among a great many, just as when I advertise that I want fifty supers I advertise for one hundred. The word had passed along the line that they only wanted two hundred of us. The desperate situation gave me courage. I slipped out of the line and whispered to the stage manager who was sternly reviewing us.

"I am Edmund Collier's boy."

"That settled it. I went with the Pinafore company at three dollars a week. We were out one year and one month, and when I came back was the only one of the youngsters whose salary had been advanced. One of the actors had the croup. I knew his part and was ready to play it. My salary of three dollars a week was raised to four and a half.

"When I came back I was sent to school again and kept there until I was fourteen. I finished the grammar school and went for a year to St. John's parish school. Then I couldn't fix my mind on my lessons any more. I think if they had kept me in school any longer I couldn't have learned anything. I wanted to get back to the theatre. I went to the Daly Theatre, introduced by a friend of my father's and of Mr. Daly's. He looked me all over and through, then said, 'Can you copy scenes?'

"'Yes,' I said.

"He handed me a scene and asked me to go home and copy it and bring it back to him. Fortunately I knew how to write in the cues, which was what he wanted. My father had turned my handwriting, a good Spencerian sort, to account in copying his parts. Mr. Daly glanced at it and said, 'All right. Come Monday.'

"The six years at Daly's were the most profitable years of my career because they offered me such opportunities to observe. For instance, I learned a great deal by imitating Mr. Daly. I practiced so much that I got that imitation to the point of perfection. Anyway May Irwin was discharged every couple of weeks for laughing at me, though she was too bully to tell what she was laughing at. The governor used to say, 'What are you

laughing at?' and she would answer, 'Nothing.' 'But you are too intelligent to laugh at nothing.' The governor was so nasty in the way he read that word that I suspected he knew it was I who was 'nothing.' People say he had no sense of humor. He had the finest sense of humor I ever knew. This story will prove it.

"One day he caught me at my imitation of him. 'Willie,' he said, 'I know whom you are imitating. It is a member of the company. This must be the last time.' It was. He never saw me do an imitation of him again until I joined 'The City Directory' and gave an imitation of him in his own hat, one that I had honorably tried to buy from the janitor and when he wouldn't sell it I was forced to steal. I got three real chorus girls —they couldn't act—and put them through a rehearsal exactly as Mr. Daly did. He came to see the imitation and said he enjoyed it.

"The six years ended when I asked Mr. Daly to give me a real part and get a small call boy. You see, I had grown to be a big boy. I was nearly twenty. I wore good clothes and had a sweetheart in the company. Imagine how embarrassing it was to me to go to her door and call 'Fifteen minutes.' Instead of that I used to lower my voice confidentially and say, 'It's nearly time to go on the stage,' as though I had come to tell her as a personal favor. And I had become a student of poker and the duties of a call boy interfered with my progress at the game in the cellar of the theatre. To prevent that interruption I would go to the door and tap and say, 'Very nearly fifteen minutes.' John Drew still speaks of that. 'Is it very nearly fifteen minutes?' he says in imitation of my then new baritone voice.

"I asked Mr. Daly for a part and Mr. Daly said 'No.' He said it kindly but firmly in the tone from which there is no appeal. 'There are plenty of actors but few stage directors,' he said. 'I want you to stay and help my stage manager.'

"But I left and gave an imitation of him in 'The City Directory' that went very well. After 'The City Directory' I wrote 'Hoss and Hoss,' a farce based upon the slang phrase current then. Charles Reed and I toured in it and after a while Reed dropped out and I went it alone. Then I wrote and played in 'Mr. Smooth.'

"My first Broadway success was in 'On the Quiet' at the Madison Square Theatre. Since that I have been fortunate except when under the management of Weber & Fields. There was friction between the boys. It was at the beginning of the dissolution of their partnership and Willie was ground between the millstones. 'The Dictator' pleased not only Americans but the English, you know."

ROSE LEMOINE
A young American actress who has been appearing with one of the English "Peter Pan" companies in the English provinces this season

"How is it that a comedian is made?"

"This one was made by constant rehearsal. Any comedy gifts I had in the beginning have been developed by endless rehearsals. My company say that there was never another such man for rehearsals. They are my hobby. They tell the story on me that the last day of the third year of 'Hoss and Hoss,' when I had sold the play, I called a rehearsal. I wanted to see how something went. We celebrated our hundredth performance of 'Caught in the Rain' March 25th, and although the play was going well we have had twenty-five rehearsals since it opened. Plenty of rehearsals are the price of a good production.

"But the play had been rehearsed for a year before it opened here. On the ship coming from Australia we rehearsed scenes on deck.

"I have developed my comedy sense by reading all the best comic men. Mark Twain is, of course, the funniest.

Schloss

GRACE MERRITT
Has been appearing this past season as the Queen in "When Knighthood Was in Flower"

"In working up my own parts I follow the rule Joseph Jefferson gave me: 'Go on well, go off well, and the middle will take care of itself.' In my present play I have tried to do that. It was a good entrance, I think, to come out of the bank, see some women on the street and turn around and run back.

"At the end of that scene I have been talking with my partner, you know, and he says, 'I am a smart man. I was smart when I left Idaho.' 'Yes,' I answer, 'you were d—d smart when you left Idaho.' There had been a long speech following this, but I cut it off sharp at that line. I made my exit, leaving the audience with the impression that I was funny." I learned before I left what compliment had most pleased the evolved Willie Collier. An admirer had discovered that he was the David Belasco of comedy.

"I have such a profound admiration for Mr. Belasco that that compliment gave me more pleasure than all the others I ever received." Then Mr. Collier confided an ambition to the writer:

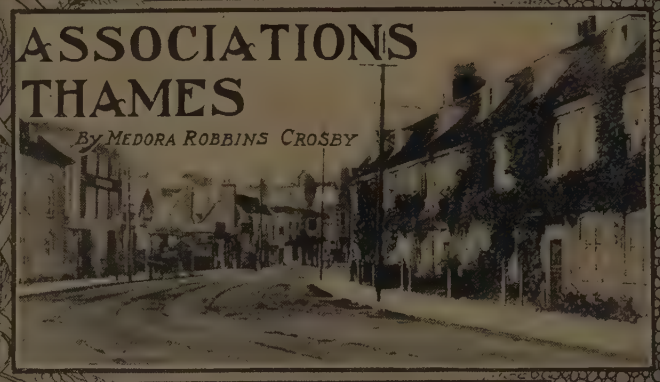
"I want to evolve from farce into comedy, and I want a theatre of my own. I want to put on my own and others' comedies in that theatre. I don't want to play anything but comedy, but I want to become a better comedian every day I live—and the day that I become a worse comedian than I was the day before I want——"

ADA PATTERSON.

THEATRICAL ASSOCIATIONS ON THE THAMES

By Medora Robbins Crosby

OLD PARISH CHURCH AT TEDDINGTON-ON-THAMES, WHERE PEG WOFFINGTON IS BURIED



IN ONE OF THE COTTAGES ON THE RIGHT PEG WOFFINGTON LIVED FOR MANY YEARS

PROBABLY no river in the world brings up so many memories, historical, literary and theatrical, as the Thames. Ordinarily the visitor to London is satisfied with a trip to Greenwich, for whitebait or Hampton Court is the Ultima Thule. But along the banks of this famous stream are many places of more than common interest that are generally overlooked by the average tourist.

Just across London Bridge, on the Surrey side, half buried by raised streets and railways, is St. Saviour's Church, Southwark. The church was originally known as St. Mary Overy, and is said to have been founded by Mary Overy, a ferry woman who devoted her earnings to this purpose long before the Conquest or any bridge on the river. It has been partly restored, and, next to Westminster Abbey, is the best specimen of early English architecture in London.

It contains many interesting monuments. Here the great dramatic poet, Massinger, rests, an inscription in the pavement marking the grave, and there is an entry in the church register that "March 20, 1639, Philip Massinger, a stranger, was buried." John Fletcher, the ally of Beaumont, was buried here in 1625. A story is told how he was invited to leave town during the great plague, to stay until the danger was passed, but he lingered while a tailor made him a suit of clothes, became ill and died. In the church is also the remains of the theatrical manager, Henslowe, and the tomb of Edmund Shakespeare, younger brother of the immortal William, who was buried here in 1607. The register merely says, "Edmund Shakespeare, a player, in the church."

PEG WOFFINGTON—BORN 1720, DIED 1760

Bankside Southwark in early times was a popular locality for places of amusement, and there were many small amphitheatres for bear-baiting and bull-baiting. The most ancient was the Paris Garden Theatre, dating from the time of Richard II.

The famous Globe Theatre was built in 1593 on a site near the Cannon Street Bridge for Richard Burbage. The material to build it was taken from the theatre in Shoreditch, which had been built for his father, James Burbage. William Shakespeare was part proprietor of the Globe Theatre, and in 1603 James I. granted a patent to one William Shakespeare to play there, and it was for this theatre he wrote his greatest plays.

It was burned down June 29, 1613, while Shakespeare's play of "Henry VIII." was being performed. It was in the scene of the masque at York Palace that some wadding shot from a cannon set fire to the thatched roof, but the following year the theatre was rebuilt. An old print represents it as a high Martello tower, with little slits for windows and a turret with a flag on top. Barclay's brewery now occupies the site, and sometimes visitors are admitted by special permission.

In Dulwich College there is a paper dated 1596, in which Shakespeare is noted as a resident of Southwark.

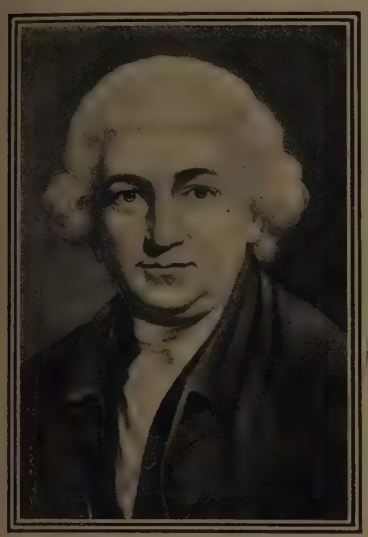
Close to Temple Pier is Middle Temple Hall, built about 1572, which is noteworthy as probably the only remaining building where a Shakespeare play was performed by his contemporaries, he no doubt being present, if not actually taking part. It was given during the Christmas revels, and is recorded in the diary of John Manningham, "Feb. 2, 1601, that at one feast a play was given called 'Twelfth Night, or What You Will.'"

Beyond Westminster Bridge one passes Chiswick Church, where lies the remains of the imperious Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, notorious at the Court of Charles II., who, envious and jealous of Nell Gwynn, used all her charms and beauty to keep her royal lover, but the orange girl's wit and cleverness was more than a match for the English aristocrat. Many people credit Nell Gwynn with suggesting the founding of Chelsea Hospital for disabled soldiers, for Charles II. laid the corner stone on March 12, 1682.

A little farther on is Kew Gardens, and a few steps from the Green is the churchyard where rests Thomas Gainsborough,

the celebrated artist, who, instead of sleeping in Westminster Abbey, requested to be laid here, with a simple slab marking the spot. He died in 1788 at the age of 61 years, yet many are the artist pilgrims who daily visit the spot, and his famous portraits of David Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, and "Perdita" Robinson, are familiar to all.

In Richmond Church rests Edmund Kean, and there is a medallion portrait to his memory. He died in 1833 in the house adjoining Richmond Theatre. This theatre was built under the supervision of Garrick, and was frequently patronized by George III. when he lived in Kew. Many great actors have played there, and the late Helen Faucit made her début there.



DAVID GARRICK

A little farther on is the parish church of Twickenham, where Kittie Clive, plain of face, warm of temper and sharp of tongue, lies buried. She died December 6, 1785, at the age of 74. She had lived here in a house which Horace Walpole gave her and which she named "Cliveden."

Near by in Raynor Castle lived Mrs. Hannah Pritchard, a great tragic actress in the time of Garrick, and one on whom he depended in many of his plays. Her tomb is in Westminster Abbey. She died in 1768, and her epitaph describes her "by nature for the stage designed."

But in Teddington-on-Thames is found the tomb of one whose fame is not diminished by the lapse of time.

Peg Woffington, the bright young Irish girl, began in the first quarter of the eighteenth century her career in Fawnes Court, one of the amusement places of Dublin, when as a baby she was carried in a basket on a tight-rope by Mme. Violante, a French dancer. From this beginning Margaret Woffington continued on the stage, advancing step by step, success crowning all her efforts, until she became the reigning favorite of the London playhouses, Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres witnessing many of her triumphs.

It was while she was at the heighth of her glory that the young Lichfield wine merchant, David Garrick, crossed her path and was at once fascinated by her charm and loveliness. It is without doubt owing to her influence that he forsook his business and adopted the stage as a profession which he so ably adorned.

KITTIE CLIVE—BORN 1711, DIED 1785

The two set up housekeeping together, sharing expenses, in Bow Street, London, but at the end of two years the marriage which they had contemplated proved distasteful to the pair, especially Garrick, so the engagement was broken, and except in a professional way Peg Woffington never made the slightest attempt to renew the intimacy.

A few years later she went to Teddington to live, where she became the good angel to all the poor in the neighborhood. But her life was a short one, and one night, May 3, 1757, when she was appearing for the benefit of two minor actors and a French dancer at Covent Garden, as Rosalind in "As You Like It," as she reached the lines in the epilogue, "If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me"—she faltered, tottered and, with a shriek, would have fallen if she had not been caught. In the midst of this brilliant crowded audience, for her Rosalind invariably drew the town, this beautiful gifted woman, the favorite actress of the day, finished her famous career. For, stricken with paralysis, she never played again, although she lived three years, devoting her time to charity. She built a row of small houses in Teddington, which she endowed and left in her will for the use of the deserving poor. But all this has been changed, the charitable idea has become a commercial one, and the pretty little gardens which originally adorned the front have been absorbed into the highway, to make room for the electric trains on their way from Kew to Hampton Court. Even the tablet on the houses is almost concealed by vines.

"PERDITA" ROBINSON—BORN 1757, DIED 1800
Painted by Gainsborough 1782

But the small picturesque stone church, covered with ivy and surrounded by trees and shrubs, is still unmolested, and inside at the left of the altar is the tablet with the inscription:

> Near this Monument lies the body of
> Margaret Woffington, Spinster,
> Born October 18, 1720,
> Who departed this life March 28, 1760, Aged 39 years.
>
> In the same grave lies the body of
> Master Horace Cholmondeley,
> Son of Honorable Robert Cholmondeley and
> Mary Cholmondeley, Sister of the said Margaret Woffington,
> Aged 6 months.

It is quite a coincident that the next professional celebrity to make a home on the river should be David Garrick. His house on the Thames is just below the church between Busby Park and Hampton. When in 1775 he determined to retire from the scenes

White

CLARA PALMER
Recently seen in "The Blue Moon" with James T. Powers

of his triumphs and the bustle and noise of London, where, as one of the famous men of the day, he was continually being disturbed by admirers and those seeking advice and advancement. He sold his interest in the Drury Lane Theatre for £35,000, or $175,000. He purchased this beautiful estate, 16 miles from London, from Sir Humphrey Primatt and took immediate possession, and began at once to make improvements. He built the little octagon summer house, or, as he called it, "Shakespeare Temple," for it contained Roubiliac's famous statue of the Bard of Avon, which has since been removed to the Hall of the British Museum. Garrick happily married a Viennese dancer, Mlle. Eva Maria Veigel, whose professional name was "Violette." She was the protégée of the Countess of Burlington and was a woman of irreproachable character, although it was said she was of illegitimate birth. She possessed marked ability, and Garrick trusted much to her advice. During twenty-eight years of married life, they were never separated for a day.

As a rule only intimate friends were invited to the villa, where he entertained lavishly, and where, free from care, he passed many happy hours. He did not die there, however, for the final summons came when he was living in London, at 5 Adelphi Terrace, Strand, on Jan. 20, 1779, where his body lay in state for two days before being carried to Westminster Abbey to be placed at the foot of Shakespeare's monument. His wife lived until October, 1822, when, at the age of ninety-eight, she was found dead in her chair, and was buried in the same grave with her husband.

The old-fashioned brick house with its Ionic columns, on the Thames, has been left practically unaltered, although it has changed hands many times, but each tenant has preserved with great care all that is associated with its famous owner.

In the venerable church at Windsor was laid to rest an actress who was the talk of London in the last century, "Perdita" Robinson, although her tombstone bears the inscription:

> Mrs. Mary Robinson
> Author of poems and other literary work
> Died December 26, 1800, at Englefield Cottage in Surrey
> Aged 43

And another slab bears the name of her daughter:

> Maria Elizabeth Robinson, daughter of Mary Robinson
> Died at Englefield Cottage in Surrey
> January 4, 1818, in the 23d year of her age

The graves are neglected now, but there was a time when great lords and ladies came to gaze and repeat the story, how by her beauty and grace she completely captivated Prince George of Wales, afterwards King George IV. It was in 1779, when she was about twenty-one years old, that she appeared at Drury Lane Theatre as Perdita in Shakespeare's "The Winter's Tale," and gave such a clever impersonation of the character that ever after she was called "Perdita" Robinson.

While she amused the handsome Prince she was happy, and for the brief period of two years she left the stage and was the reigning beauty of London.

Every day she appeared in a new costume, with a marvelous hat, and she drove in a carriage painted light blue, its panels decorated with a basket of flowers, the design so artfully arranged that it could easily be taken for a coronet. All the great artists painted her portrait—Gainsborough, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Romney.

But before the prince reached his majority his ardor cooled, and unhappy days began for Perdita, who, to support herself, was forced to publish a number of poems and tales, which were of little value. The fickle prince paid no attention to her distress, and she was only saved from absolute poverty by the generosity of that able statesman, Charles James Fox, who obtained for her an annuity.

She lived in a Fool's Paradise but a short time, and when the end came "To die,—to sleep,—no more, and by a sleep we say we end the heartache."

Beneath the thick woods of Cliefden centers the picturesque beauty of the Thames, and the grounds of Cliefden House are among the finest in England. The original mansion was built by Charles Villiers, Duke of Buckingham of Charles II.'s reign, but it has since been twice destroyed by fire, and owned by the Duke of Sutherland and Duke of Westminster. But the place is especially noteworthy in that Thompson's masque of "Alfred" was first acted at Cliefden House, and on this occasion "Rule Britannia" was sung for the first time, as Thompson composed the words and Dr. Arne wrote the music.

So we leave this "King of Island Rivers." Its history is that of England, and as the years roll into centuries, the men and women who have added to its fame will be more and more remembered.

Medora Robbins Crosby.

(1) Julia Dean; (2) J. M. Lothian, Julia Dean, Maclyn Arbuckle; (3) Elmer Grandin; (4) Wright Kramer; (5) Julia Dean; (6) Maclyn Arbuckle, Julia Dean; (7) Florence Rockwell

Scenes in Edmund Day's drama, "The Round-Up," which is to open at the New Amsterdam in September

The third act represents a battle between miners and marauding Apache Indians. The miners are rescued by a troop of cavalry, led by Sheriff "Slim" Hoover. Realism is added by the presence of genuine Indians, cavalrymen and cowboys

Adeline Genée—the New Taglioni

By GEORGE C. JENKS

IT was in the private office of Mr. H. J. Hitchins, manager of the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square, London. A slim little girl, who might have been a school teacher, was talking to me.

She wore a simple frock of black silk, a short jacket of black something and an unobtrusive and becoming hat. Her manner, likewise was unobtrusive and becoming. She answered my questions—rapid-fire, for the most part—with readiness. Evidently she was mistress of the subject under discussion. Why should she not be? for the subject was ballet dancing, and this demure young woman was Mlle. Adeline Genée, the première danseuse about whom all Europe is talking.

ADELINE GENÉE, WHO IS COMING HERE NEXT FALL

Nine years ago Mlle. Genée came from the Continent to London. She had a contract to appear at the Empire for six weeks. But she stayed longer, for she has danced there almost continuously ever since. During these nine years she has had the leading rôles in sixteen ballets. She numbers about twenty-five in her repertoire.

The ballet in which I saw her the other night is called "The Débutante." It is by C. Wilhelm, and is described as a "ballet divertissement in three tableaux." For several months it has been in the bill at the Empire, and by the way it is received is likely to remain for months to come.

"The Débutante" has a simple, albeit well-defined, story, more or less familiar. The opening scene is the rehearsal room of the Paris Opera House. The maitre-de-ballet is in great distress. Having presumed to rebuke Mlle. Florita, principal dancer of the opera, for being late, she tears up her contract in a rage, stamps her foot, and refuses to dance in the new Oriental ballet, "Azalea, or The Odalisque," which he is about to produce. What shall he do? An unexpected suggestion is offered. Mlle. Delphine Duvet, a little country girl, is brought in by her mother. Will they try Delphine in the part? The ballet master has no hope that the child, in her chic countrified frock and her bonnet tied under her chin, will be of any use, but he is desperate enough to try anything. Of course Delphine dances beautifully, and the new ballet is saved. A month elapses. There is a short front scene, and then "The Gardens of the Seraglio," wherein the débutante, as Azalea, achieves a triumph.

The wonderful execution of Mlle. Genée, who is essentially a toe dancer, lies partly in the ease with which she pirouettes about the stage and partly in the poetry which distinguishes all her movements. That the one is the outcome of the other is obvious. Her marvelous control of herself as her swaying form is carried dartingly hither and thither on the points of her toes is an achievement in grace which is based firmly on phenomenal skill, fostered by years of hard practice.

It was immediately after a performance of "The Débutante" a few nights ago that I first met Mlle. Genée. I had hurried around to the stage by an appointment made through the manager. The house was still roaring its admiration as the dainty little première bounded off after her second call before the curtain and gave me her hand. Her maid threw a filmy scarf over her shoulders. Several of the short-skirted coryphées on their way to the dressing room paused for a word and smile from her, and a "grip," steering a flat, stopped to let her move out of his way without swearing to himself at the momentary delay. A smile of acknowledgment of my compliment on her dancing, and with a long robe over her gauzy skirts, Mlle. Genée tripped to her dressing room, pledged to a chat in the manager's private office on the morrow.

"I have danced since I was five years old," was the first statement, in answer to a question, that I got from the quiet little girl in the black silk gown when we settled down for a talk the next day. "My teachers were my uncle, Alexandre Genée, and my aunt, whose professional name is Mlle. Zimmerman, and who was a famous dancer some years ago. My uncle was the original producer of Delibes' 'Coppelia,' which I believe was done in New York a season or two ago. My uncle and aunt, with whom I live, have been my only instructors."

"And your professional début?"

"Was made when I was seventeen in Copenhagen. I was born in Denmark. I have been dancing for twelve years. Oh yes, I know. These figures tell you my age, of course. But I am still young enough not to mind that."

She smiled a challenge. I agreed with her.

"Do you find much practice necessary in addition to that which you get in your dancing before the public?" I asked.

"Ah! I wish you could see me practice. I do it for hours every day. The principal exercise is side practice. That is, holding a rail against the wall and twirling each foot separately in the air while standing upon the other. A dancer is always practicing. The strength and agility is all from the knee down. You may tell a proficient dancer in a moment by her confining her move-

ments as much as possible to the knees and ankles. One who dances from the the hips never can be really graceful."

"But is it not essential in a good dancer to possess certain physical advantages that are born with her?"

"Most certainly! One must have a high instep. You may have noticed that my foot is perfectly straight up and down as I move about on my toes on the stage. Had I not a very high instep my foot never would assume that position. It could not. But given the high instep, there must be practice, practice, practice! When I am not practicing I am generally walking."

"You are fond of out-door exercise?" I asked.

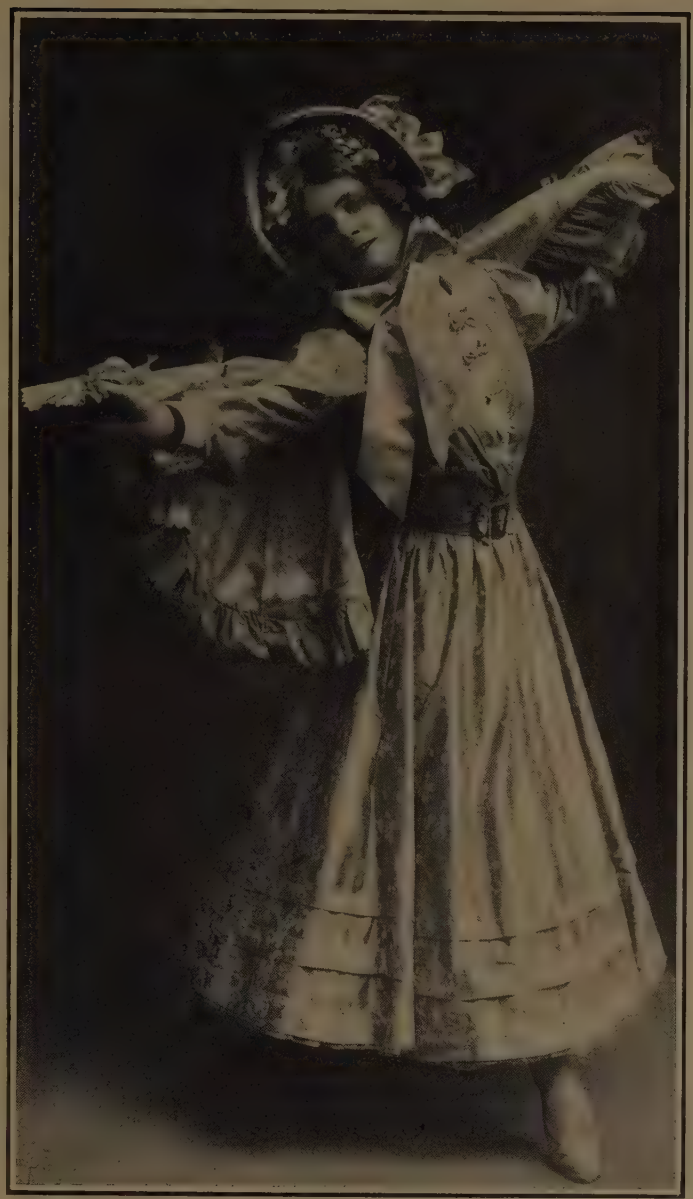
"Only walking. No riding, skating, tennis, golfing or anything of that kind," was her reply. "A dancer must keep her strength in her feet, while her chest and shoulders should be slim. Largely developed, muscular arms and shoulders would be an anomaly. My exercises for the arms and body are always slow, to give ease and grace to the arms and to loosen the hips."

Talking about the acknowledged fact that there never have been any great ballet dancers born in the United States, Mlle. Genée opined that it might be because there are not enough teachers.

"Allowing," she said, "that you have a few competent teachers, such as Mme. Bonfanti—whom I never saw, but who, I have been told, was a favorite première danseuse in America some years ago—these few teachers could not expect to teach the thousands of girls there who may have natural gifts that need development.

"When are you coming over to New York?" I asked.

"I hope to be there about the beginning of next year. I have had many offers from American managers, but have not yet closed a contract with any of them. I should like to make my début there in grand opera, because that is really where the ballet is in place. I want to go to America. I have danced at the royal opera houses in Copenhagen, Münich and Berlin, and now I should like to cross the Atlantic. I have danced before many royalties, including the late King of Denmark, the Emperor of Russia and other distinguished personages, who were present altogether at the Copenhagen Opera House on my opening night there. Two years afterward I appeared by royal command before King Edward and Queen Alexandra at Chatsworth, in the Theatre Bijou. The Queen spoke to me twice and shook hands, and presented me with a beautiful brooch that is my most prized treasure. I have had many presents, of course. This diamond ring was given to me by Mr. George Edwardes when I appeared at Daly's in "The Little Michus," in a ballet of my own. I wore a long empire dress in that ballet. I can dance in any kind of dress. Look here!"



ADELINE GENÉE IN "THE LITTLE MICHUS"

She stepped over to the wall and pointed to a photograph of herself in a page's costume.

"Shocking, isn't it?" she laughed. "That was in a ballet called 'The Bugle Call,' so you see I am not confined to the fluffy short skirts of the conventional ballet dancer in my work."

In Mr. Hitchins' office is a large lithograph of four of the famous danseuses of a former day—Taglioni, Carlotta Grisi, Cerito and Lucille Grahn.

"Some of the critics in London have declared that Mlle. Genée is a better dancer than any of these four, judging by accounts that have come down to us," observed Mr. Hitchins to me as I left the theatre.

From *La Danse* Mlle. Guimard — Taglioni — P. Harton — Carlotta Grisi — Signora Baccelli

SOME OF THE FAMOUS DANCERS OF OTHER DAYS

Photos Reutlinger, Paris
OLGA NETHERSOLE, WHO UNDERTOOK THE DIFFICULT TASK OF PERFORMING IN ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF FRENCH PLAYS BEFORE A PARISIAN AUDIENCE

Olga Nethersole—Actress and Philanthropist

OLGA NETHERSOLE is a good talker. This means that she can talk about something beside herself. She can converse about things that do not pertain to the drama—and do so intelligently. If she had not been an actress she would have been a doctor. If not a doctor she would have been a social settlement worker. Medicine and sociology are her hobbies; acting is her profession. Preferably she talks about the former.

Back in the early days of her life she was a governess. This contact with the little folks gave her distinct theories and ideas about the rearing of future citizens. Her observations at a later period have added zest to first impressions. During the past season she has visited all the leading juvenile courts in America, conversed with the leaders in child's reform movements, identified herself with the George, Jr., Republic, and hopes to be able to inaugurate many of these systems in England by reason of the convincing arguments she will be able to produce.

Long ago she became interested in the work of the Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, and has appeared before various congresses as one of its foremost workers.

Her daily routine en tour always includes a visit to some hospital, reformatory or prison. During the present tour of Western America she hit upon a rather unique charity and found its results to be so eminently satisfactory that the scheme will be carried out next season. In various cities she selected a certain hospital and then personally visited the wards, one of which she agreed to supply with flowers the year around at her own expense.

Reutlinger, Paris

First of all, however, Miss Nethersole is an actress. This prompts one to ask: how does she find time for so many other things? It is because she is an artist and business woman, each in the right proportion. Every day's schedule is as definitely arranged and carried out as if vast commercial interests depended upon it. In short, she has reduced living to a science. In the midst of this palpitating and energetic life she protests that she has much leisure and will not permit herself to be overworked. Her powers of endurance prove the value of her system of living. She has sailed away for Europe after a tour that circled America: Boston, New Orleans, El Paso, Portland, Vancouver, Denver, Chicago, Montreal, yet she stepped aboard the steamer in perfect health and bearing at least no outward appearance of fatigue.

Miss Nethersole is one of the few actresses who act as their own managers. She selects her plays and frequently writes the scenario for the dramatist who writes them, as in the case of "Carmen" and "Sapho." She engages her own company, rehearses each member and stage manages every production. She produces, or endeavors to produce, two new plays each season. This year she appeared in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," and a translation of Paul Hervieu's success, "Le Réveil," called "The Awakening." Thus, gradually she is forming a new repertoire, and will on later tours doubtless omit "Sapho," "Carmen," and perhaps "Camille," except on special occasions.

Her present ambition is to make an annual professional pilgrimage to some European capital in addition to her American tour. This year she selected the most critical of all cities, Paris, as the supreme test of her ability to please foreign audiences and as the opening wedge to Madrid, Vienna and Berlin, in each of which cities she is arranging to appear at a later date.

"In Latin countries I am fully aware that I shall be criticised for my restraint and coldness," she said recently when discussing her proposed invasion of Europe. "In America I have frequently heard it said that in certain rôles I gave up myself too completely to the passionate warfare in which the souls of the women I have personated were concerned. This criticism, whether just or unjust, can never be made against me by Latins. They will recognize that I am one of them at heart, if not wholly by birth. There is a strain of Spanish blood in my veins. It surges and flows with great intensity and controls me, particularly when I am acting. In America I have endeavored to curb it as far as I could without having an effect upon my work. I shall be happy to play where I can let myself go into a character and play it as it should be played when an actress feels as I feel.

"Certain of these moments have been much commented upon by critics, who called them 'Nethersole's mannerisms.' The term seems ridiculous, but from the viewpoint of those who write it may be correct. I regret that this or that detail of my work may not be wholly acceptable to individuals. I regret, but can do no more. Each movement upon the stage, each inflection of the voice, is a detail of my art. I know why I do this and that. To me it is right, therefore it would be an injustice to myself to attempt to do otherwise."

Some time in July Miss Nethersole will go to her villa at Biarritz, in the south of France, to enjoy a few months of recreation. In late years she has not opened her London house for any long period. England has a depressing effect upon her; the sunny south warms and invigorates her, and she there maps out each season's work, studies new rôles and catches up with the voluminous correspondence which she carries on with a veritable horde of literary and scientific men and women.

At Biarritz she is a neighbor to Edmond Rostand, and having been introduced to him under flattering auspices by Madame Sarah Bernhardt, enjoys the confidence and friendship of his family, and is one of the few guests received by the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "L'Aiglon." She frequently motors over to the author's castle in the Pyrenees Mountains, dines with the family, and in the long evening hours enjoys the privilege of hearing Rostand read from his own works, project his plans for the future, if his health permits, and discusses with him the affairs of the great world from which the famous man is now an exile, partly from personal desire and partly from acting upon the advice of physicians.

Miss Nethersole is one of the very few persons who has any definite knowledge of the long-awaited bird drama of Rostand, called "Chanticleer." She has heard it from its author's lips and believes that it is worthy to rank with his other epoch-making works. For some reason, however, Rostand declines to give it to the public. All the leading managers of the world have attempted to make a bid for it, and Coquelin, the famous French comedian who created "Cyrano," has been kept waiting for years, expecting each season to be able to appear as the rooster in this masterpiece. On each occasion the author has called a halt upon preparations for production.

"This action," said Miss Nethersole, "is, I believe, due in a great measure to Mr. Rostand's physical condition. He would not permit the work to be staged without at least six weeks' rehearsal. This would mean six weeks in Paris. He is so happy in his country retreat that he cannot bring himself to the point of seriously contemplating such an ordeal. He is a very rich man. His family life is ideal. He does not care to re-enter the workaday arena, and it is unnecessary for him to do so."

The son of Rostand has ambitions to become a playwright and follow his famous father's footsteps, as did the son of Alexandre Dumas. He is an accomplished English scholar, and has promised

Reutlinger, Paris

"If Miss Nethersole had not been an actress she would have been a doctor or a social settlement worker"

Reutlinger, Paris

"She acts as her own manager, selects her plays, rehearses her company and stage manages every production"

Miss Nethersole a play in her native tongue. Last summer they had many talks about it, and during the past few months she has received from him letters that contain sketches of his scenario, convincing her that the aspirant to honors as a playwright is a worthy son of his illustrious father.

An anecdote showing the purely personal side of the actress comes to mind. I believe it has never before been published, although its authenticity is vouched for by several personal friends.

During her engagement in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" in London several years ago she was invited by a famous artist to attend a private exhibition of his paintings, several of which have since occasioned much discussion in the art world. Accompanied by friends, she attended and was there presented to the present King of England, who was then Prince of Wales. Thoroughly acquainted with the importance of each detail of etiquette attached to a presentation to royalty, her companions were shocked when from another room they saw her leading a rather animated conversation with the Prince.

MME. GERMAINE GALLOIS

In the "Revue du Centenaire" at the Théâtre des Variétés, Paris. The hat worn by Mme. Gallois is a "creation" by Carlier

To introduce a subject to his Highness or to continue speaking with him beyond the few moments usually accorded at an informal presentation was "bad form." What would it mean to her professionally if he should make it plain that she had broken time-honored custom! Her friends stood aghast. They wondered if she might have forgotten herself for the moment. How dared she address the future king of England so familiarly!

At the close of the interview they spirited her away and asked for an explanation. Without using the name, this is the answer she gave them:

"I spoke a word for 'Tom.' It may have been the only chance I will ever have. I improved it."

"Tom"? Who was "Tom"? Their fears increased. She might have blasted in a few minutes all the prestige that her artistic triumphs at the theatre had afforded her. But she felt otherwise. And she was right. Then she explained more fully.

This "Tom" had been her playfellow and friend in childhood. One day he went away to study medicine. She became a governess and later an actress. "Tom" in the meantime had become a physician. While staying in the country a few years before the artist's reception a brother of the Prince had been taken suddenly ill. "Tom" was called to attend him. His services were so acceptable that he was asked to attach himself to the Duke's personal staff. He did so and high honors seemed not afar off. He had gained royal favor.

Then came the death of the Duke. Tom was almost forgotten by the family of his royal patron. Why? It was certainly not wilful oversight; merely the way of the world. Miss Nethersole was certain of this. She reminded the Prince of his brother's former friend and physician, of the hopes that had fallen when the Duke died and of the commendable qualities of her boyhood chum.

Would the Prince remember that she had spoken? He said he would. Did he? "Tom" is to-day one of the eminent surgeons of London and is frequently called by royal command to Buckingham Palace.

Miss Nethersole appeared at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt in Paris on June 4 last, giving ten performances on successive evenings of the familiar plays in her repertoire: "Sapho," "Carmen," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "The Labyrinth," "The Awakening," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "Camille," and three others. Next season Miss Nethersole will return to America to produce a new play.

X. X.

Musical comedy is the 80 per cent. want to-day in England. It is the national dish. The only people, or majority of people, who object to musical comedy are the serious or comedy actors—they see in it a Frankenstein's monster come to devour them and their wares; but have they never stopped and given a thought to the real reason for the decadence of the drama or the change in public taste, whichever you like to call it? The real reason is that acting as a whole is nothing like as good as it was—mediocrity is triumphant, and the majority of the plays submitted to the public are downright dull or stupid, or have as motives problematical subjects that the weary worker does not want to go to the theatre and help to unravel.—*Seymour Hicks.*

From a photograph

THE RUINS OF THE ROMAN COLOSSEUM AS THEY APPEAR TO-DAY

The Most Remarkable Theatre in the World

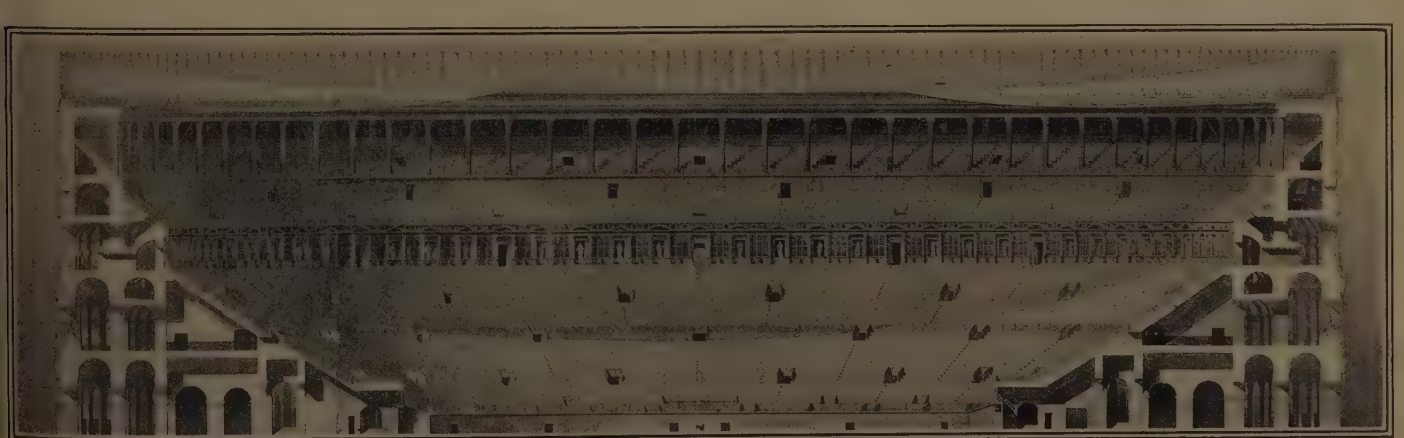
By WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK

IN respect to its gigantic size and its architecture, the Roman Colosseum was undoubtedly the most remarkable theatre the world has ever seen. Certainly it may be said to have been the best adapted to the use for which it was designed, thanks to the peculiar nature of the circus games and to the cheapness of labor under the Empire. At the present day it would not "pay" to construct such a theatre; the Romans, more fortunate than we, were hampered by no such petty considerations. Yet though it stands a monument to their boldness and architectural genius, none the less it bears silent testimony that the people for and by whom it was constructed were interested in the barbaric rather than the artistic, were more impressed by the size than by the quality of their performances. In short, the building itself is more wonderful than any of the spectacles which were held within its walls. To-day, after more than eighteen centuries, it still stands, battered and despoiled, it is true, yet majestic, indestructible and serene.

It is difficult to speak of the Colosseum in measured terms. Poets have exhausted their vocabularies in offering tribute to its majesty. Orators have adorned their periods with reference to its grandeur. Yet each beholder discovers it for himself anew, realizes its wonders with virgin enthusiasm. Unlike the amphitheatres of Greece, those of Rome were generally built on low-lying ground. That of the Flavian emperors, as the Colosseum was known to antiquity, stands in the depression between the Palatine and Esquiline hills, at the head of the great Forum Romanum, on the spot once occupied by the artificial lake of Nero, and overlooked by the palace of Cæsar. At that time it marked the central point of the city's life; to-day it stands abandoned and alone save for sister ruins, the antipodal protest to St. Peter's and Christianity.

Not as students of the drama do we enter its doorless portals—for such it holds no message—but as students of history and architecture. For these its lesson is inexhaustible. Glimpsed from a distance, through the Via de' Serpenti, it appears intact, unscathed by time. A closer inspection reveals the wounds inflicted by age and man's rapacity. Not alone have the marble which once clothed it as with a garment and the statues which enriched it long since disappeared, but nearly half of the original structure, it is estimated, suffered removal during the Middle Ages for the construction of less imposing edifices, and more recently by the uprooting of the plants and fungi which had found a spontaneous growth upon its surface, the impairment of cen-

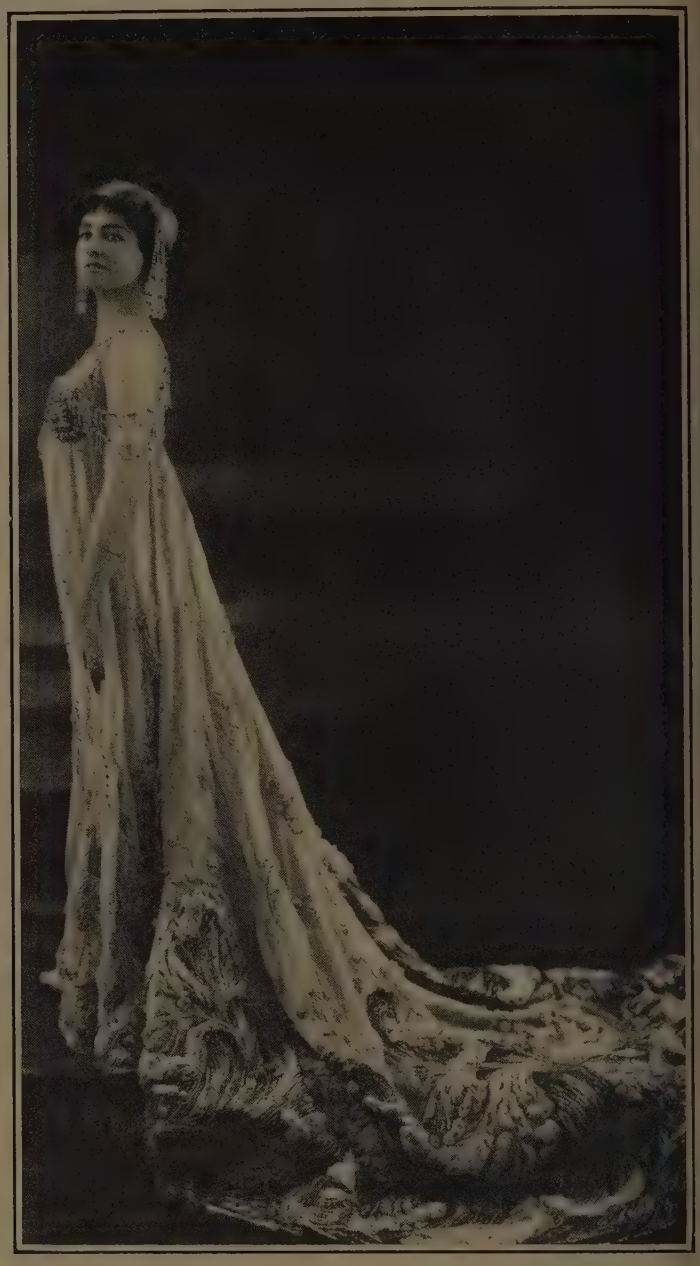
(*Continued on page vi.*)



INTERIOR OF THE COLOSSEUM SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE SEATS AND STAIRWAYS

Some Fashions from the French Stage

Photos Reutlinger, Paris.
Mlle. Faber in the rôle of Madame De Gesvre in Jacques Richepin's play "Marjolaine," at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Paris



Mme. Vix in the rôle of Circé, opéra comique, by the Brothers Hillemacher, at the Opéra Comique, Paris

HOW our fashionable Parisian women have been spoiled this season! First nights, of greater and lesser importance, have followed in quick succession in the theatres, and our fair playgoers have had the joy of seeing bloom before their eyes the most exquisite and tempting of gowns, worn with the charm peculiar to our leading actresses. The question of dress plays to-day a most important rôle on the stage. It seems as if the authors, in order to insure the complete success of their plays, had recognized the necessity of calling in as collaborators the masters of the sartorial art. This tendency has been particularly noticeable in the majority of new theatrical productions, no matter of what class, which have been made during the last four or five months. But it has never been more marked than in the production of "Le Centenaire," the new revue at the Théâtre des Variétés, for which Mme. Carlier, the famous milliner whose reputation is world wide, created all the hats used in the piece, a veritable *tour de force* of artistic reconstruction from the year 1786 to our time. The portrait of Germaine Gallois (published on page 96 of this issue) shows her wearing one of the hats of her rôle, which has had the same success on the stage as in town.

"In "Circé," the production at the Opéra Comique, Redfern has created for Mme. Vix Greek robes which Aspasie or Laïs would have worn with pride. One dress particularly is admirable—of mousselaine de soie, and presenting in intricate combinations the mysterious reflections of the opal. A new Pygmalion, Redfern seems to have given life to the precious gem!

But what delight in the reconstruction of the dresses of the eighteenth century, created also by Redfern for Mme. Cora Laparcerie and Mlle. Feriel and Faber in "La Marjolaine." It was a real vision of the delicate suggestiveness and sumptuousness of the Regency. Nothing can bear out better what I say than the following letter, written by Jacques Richepin, the author of "La Marjolaine," to Redfern, whom he calls his valuable collaborator:

"To Mr. Redfern,

"My dear Friend:—After the fine performance of last night I do not know how to express my gratitude for your precious collaboration in 'La Marjolaine.'

"Whether it be the joyous little peasant in the first act or the sumptuous favorite of the Regent, or the unhappy lover of the last acts, you have understood it all equally well and translated the different states of soul of my heroine.

"Ah! the adorable, the delicate, the exact evocation of the eighteenth century represented in that first act—all those ladies bowing together in your dresses, with the round corsage, side hoops, the long trains forming a marvelous tableau and all those soft shades, modified, singing, are the most delicate concert of color one can dream of, worthy of the learned and refined artist that you are.

"I have always thought that a famous modern dressmaker could, at the same time that he reproduced the fashions of another epoch, give to these fashions the elegance, the allure, the distinction which the dressmakers of other times gave them. But in two hundred years from now, when our modern dress has become historical, what new Redfern will know how to make up your elegant gowns, then fallen into oblivion? What big dressmaker of the twenty-second century will know how to render his ancestors of the twentieth century the service and homage that you have rendered to-day to those of the eighteenth century?

"For Mme. Cora Laparcerie-Richepin and for myself again, thanks very sincerely, my dear friend, and believe me that in the applause which yesterday saluted 'La Marjolaine' a good share was yours. Jacques Richepin."

Paris, June 1st Vicomtesse de Reville.

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NOTICE

For the accommodation of the readers of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, who intend to go abroad this summer, we have opened offices in London and Paris. The London office is situated at 90 Fleet street, and the Paris office at 25 Rue de la Paix. Our readers are invited to register at these offices and to use our rooms for reading and writing purposes. They will also have the use of the telephone. Letters can be addressed in care of either of our offices. We also have an information bureau supplying all information useful regarding traveling in England and on the continent. Copies of the THEATRE MAGAZINE will be found in each of the offices, also back numbers.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

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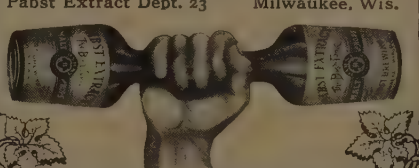

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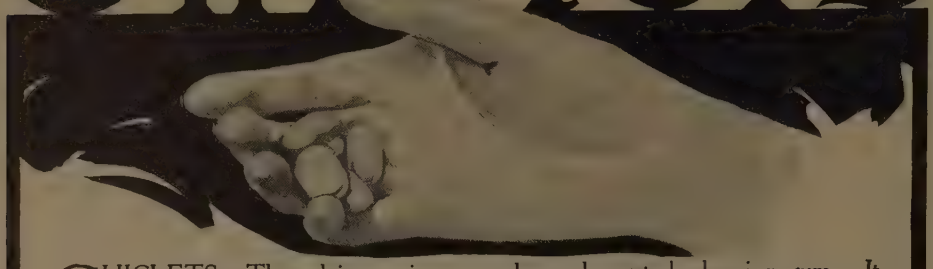

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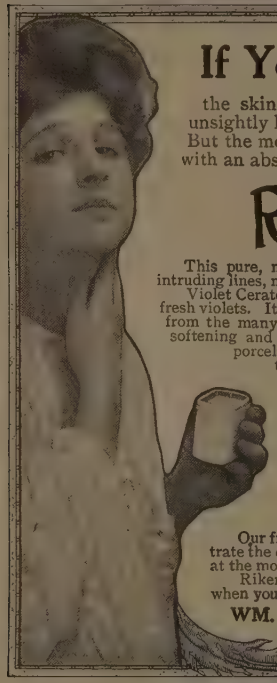

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Most Remarkable Theatre

(Continued from page 197)

turies has been crowded into a few years. Fortunately, however, the damage has not been uniform, and those features which are lacking in one point of the giant edifice may generally be studied at another.

A first glance fails to impress the beholder with its mighty proportions, owing, doubtless, to the symmetry of the whole. The building is in the form of an ellipse, both as regards outer periphery and that of the inner arena, and covers five acres of ground. The longer diameter of the external ellipse is 615 feet, that of the arena 281 feet. Figures are proverbially barren of significance to the untrained mind, yet some conception of the vastness of the structure may be gained from consideration of its seating capacity, which is estimated to have been 87,000!

Viewed from within, the seats, which were originally covered with marble, rise in gradually receding tiers, divided by radiating aisles, each tier separated from the other by a wall of considerable height. The lowest tier, or *podium*, being nearest the arena, was reserved for the emperor, the Vestal virgins, and senators; the second for those of equestrian order; the third for the people. From seats in the fourth, or highest, story, which was doubtless of wood, it is surmised that women were allowed to witness the performance.

The arena itself, with the mechanical contrivances for its manipulation, seems to have surpassed anything known to modern times; it was no uncommon thing to witness several hundred animals in simultaneous combat, to see artificial forests rise from the ground as by magic, to behold mimic sea fights in progress upon a lake called into being by a magician's wand. From the first, the Romans of the Empire were impressed by size and vulgar display, and at the dedication of the structure, in the year 80, five thousand animals are said to have been slaughtered. The gladiatorial profession, at first justly regarded as degrading, later received temporary recruits, at least from the upper classes, and some of the later emperors even sank so low as to besmirch their majesty by appearing publicly in the *cor cordium* of the city.

At the time of Honorius, at the beginning of the fifth century, the Colosseum was still unimpaired; but with the downfall of the Empire before the barbarian hordes began the despoiling and neglect of the edifice, which culminated in the Middle Ages with its degradation into a stone quarry, and finally into a papal woolen factory, despite the ecclesiastical legend which ascribes Christian belief to its original architect, stirred by the legend of the martyrdoms believed to have taken place within its precincts, Benedict XIV. in last consecrated it to their memory, and thus secured it against further desecration.

Plays Enough

In the department of the drama, as in all others, departments, the law of supply and demand plays an important part, and although lately there has been a great outcry regarding the dearth of plays we have not yet heard of any manager being forced to close his theatre for lack of the requisite material with which to carry on an uninterrupted policy.—*Telegraph, London.*

DOCTOR'S FOOD TALK

Selection of Food One of the Most Important Acts in Life

A Massachusetts doctor says: "Our health and physical and mental happiness are so largely under our personal control that the proper selection of food should be, and is one of the most important acts in life.

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Some Recent Productions

CASINO. "FASCINATING FLORA." Book by H. Burnside and Joseph W. Herbert. Music Gustave Kerker. Produced May 20 with this st:

Alphonse Allegretti, Louis Harrison; Gulliver Gayboy, d Bond; Prof. Ludwig Wagner, James E. Sullivan; k Graham, Arthur Stanford; Baron Beynard, Charles kson; Edouard Valliere, Edward M. Favor; Mr. Fer- Edward Craven; Winnie Wiggles, Ada Lewis; Dolly gner, Ella Snyder; Rose Gayboy, Kathleen Clifford; . Fremont Benton; Flora Duval, Adele Ritchie.

"Fascinating Flora," while lacking in continu- s and consistent amusement with reference to y story, is an entertainment that will serve its rpose, viz., to amuse Casino patrons during e silly season. Many of its scenes, characters, ngs, choruses and new features atone for many rmities; but we no longer find or expect an tirely lucid and uninterrupted action in a mod- n musical comedy. It is enough for the pur- se, apparently, if the characters are thrown o certain relations, affording scenes and portunities, with the widest possible margin r song and dance. It is a combination of ergies that distinctly works against unity; and thout unity no lasting impression can be made; t the amount of skill applied and the great riety of personal contributions cannot be de- ed, and they do furnish entertainment for the oment. Novelty in detail there must be or sical comedy could not survive. "Fascinating ora" is happily free from many of the all too miliar evolutions. It has no firefly dances, for ample. It, at least, has some features of its n. Ada Lewis, in the character of a country l, applies for a position in an opera company d gives an exhibition of her qualities, accom- nying Caruso's voice in a huge phonograph. e attaches herself to a decrepit Baron. Her rnest assertions in regard to her relations with m gain some laughter. It is an effective bit of rk, elaborate comment upon which, corre- onding to the laughter of the rounders, may rhaps be unnecessary. Louis Harrison, in a ng of his own, *The Subway Express*, with car pushed on for the chorus revealing passen- rs, when the blinds are pulled up, during a sh hour holding to the straps, supplied one of e novelties. There was no conspicuous merit other contributions, but much that was pleas- g during a period required by a mote to averse a sunbeam. We may stand aghast at rettos, but citizens of sobriety and respecta- lity when appealed to in song and dance by select assortment of stage maidens to *Come long In. the Water's Fine*, might easily fore- critical comments on the vacuity and form- ssness of modern musical comedy. Whatever may be, it wears no mask. To those who ke with them the amulets of austerity it is rmless.

ASTOR. "THE BUILDERS." Play in four acts. v Marion Fairfax. Produced May 20 with is cast:

A Chambermaid, Margaret Ellsworth; Harris, Heber ant's valet, Milano C. Tilden; A Bell Boy, Charles A. nch; Roger Grant, William Ingersoll; Heber Grant, lly Marshall; Copper Joe, Charles Dow Clark; Mason, hn J. Collins; Skinney, Theodore Morris; Reddy, Wil- d Robertson; "Peaches" Mackaye, Albert Meyer; tey, Master Richard Cubitt; Jenkins, Harry J. West; r. Granger, John Fenton; Hilda Norris, Amelia Gard- r; Judge Rheinhardt, William McVay; Wing, Richard le; Ah Sin, Harry Mainhall; Janet Granger, Marion irfax.

It is getting to be more and more frequent to e on the New York stage plays fail which have them material out of which success could ve been wrought. In such cases, of course, ere is something lacking. It may be some mparatively small but structural thing. The amatist, new or old, may show an apparent astery of certain elements of playwriting, and kewise just as plainly show what must be an solute ignorance of some elementary principle. "The Builders" the characters are con- ncingly from Western life. Their feet are mly planted on their own soil and there is no istaking the authenticity of them; but what ey do and say does not fall into a compact amatic action. Incidents, episodes and scenes e written with a firm professional touch, we ay even say that they are in themselves per- ct, impressive, effective, and yet in the sum- ing up they do not work sufficiently to a com- on end. They cannot be added up with an evitable result. They pull this way and that. hen the action is over we discover that it was out something else than what we thought at rious moments. The unity of the idea is sac- ced for the sake of detail.

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N. B.—The following issues, June, Aug., Sept., Oct. and Dec., 1901, being entirely out of print, are not sold separately any more, and can only be supplied in the complete bound book.

Bound Volumes of the Theatre Magazine

1901 .....$25.00	1903 .....$15.00	1905 .....$6.00
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reason and not conscious of his offense, killed a man. He must go far away, where a knowledge of his misfortune may not follow him, and build himself up again. The valet of his father discovers the secret, and the depressing apprehension in the audience at once goes up that we were to have "The Mills of the Gods" over again. He becomes the engineer of a great dam in the West. We are then led to believe that the threatened blowing up of the dam was to provide the action. He falls in love with the daughter of a man of influence, and the audience faces in the direction of the promise of the action. He rehabilitates a woman, who becomes his stenographer, who falls in love with him, and we face about to that point of the waverley compass. In the meanwhile the blackmailer does not appear, but there he stands always back of the man as in a spirit picture. To what end? The blackmailer reveals the past and the young man promptly explains. If there could be an offense more readily condoned in the West, as depicted in this play, the man really being unfortunate rather than criminal, we cannot imagine it. The well-to-do girl wavers for the moment. Why not? He determines that she is not worthy of such an innocent murderer as he was. Why? He turns to the reclaimed woman, who loves him because she is in his position, deserving a restoration of the confidence of society and yet unforgiven. The motive is plain, pitiless and true, but the sentiment in it is not effective, for the turn is made too quickly and the solution reached too suddenly. Opportunities are frittered away in depicting subordinate characters. The method of composition is wrong. A superabundance of fine material, particularly in character, is obtained, and it is permitted to cumber the action. Item, two Chinamen; item, a rich old settler short of breath and with a slight dialect; item, two or three fearless, good-hearted, faithful rough Westerners; an engaging lad fond of fishing and devoted to the engineer, etc., etc. But the admirable conceptions are not co-ordinated. It is life, it is true, but the complete action is blurred and imperfect. It arrives at an unprepared-for conclusion. If the engineer has been going to make a selfish marriage with one woman, and thought that the other woman, who really loved him, and for whom he had a deep sympathetic feeling, was designing rather than sincere, he would have naturally been drawn to her, on seeing that she was ready to sacrifice her life for him. The play needs revision. Marion Fairfax, however, has given unusual promise in her first acted play. The characters that we have indicated were acted with unusual evenness of excellence by the Tully-Marshall Company.

Cosmopolitan New York already boasted of almost everything in the amusement line until an enterprising manager, familiar with the gay haunts of the continent, decided to open in Manhattan a resort similar to that famous one in the Champs Elysées, known as the Jardin de Paris. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., leased the roof of the New York Theatre, redecorated the place in green, black and gold, and tried to infuse into it some of the exuberance of the place from which it takes its name. A capital vaudeville bill is given on the stage, the *pièce de résistance* being the much-talked-of living pictures from the Empire Theatre, London. These proved to be not nearly so sensational as expected, and none called for the intervention of Mr. Comstock. There were twelve reproductions of celebrated paintings and sculptures, all artistically posed, among the most striking being "The Duchess of Devonshire," "Cupid's Spell" and the "Birth of Psyche." The remainder of the program included the Clemens Brothers, musical clowns; Green and Werner in their sketch, "Babes in the Jungle"; W. C. Fields, an eccentric juggler; the Four Mortons; the Florenz troupe of acrobats, and others.

The Jardin de Paris will be an agreeable lounging place on hot summer nights, and the unsophisticated visitor who imagines he is seeing the real thing may as well be left to his fond delusion. It is not its stage spectacle that makes the real Jardin de Paris the most unique resort of its kind in the world, but the class of people who frequent it, especially its high-priced courtesans, who make it their hunting ground. A resort conducted on exactly the same lines would, of course, be impossible in this country.

That Puerile Public

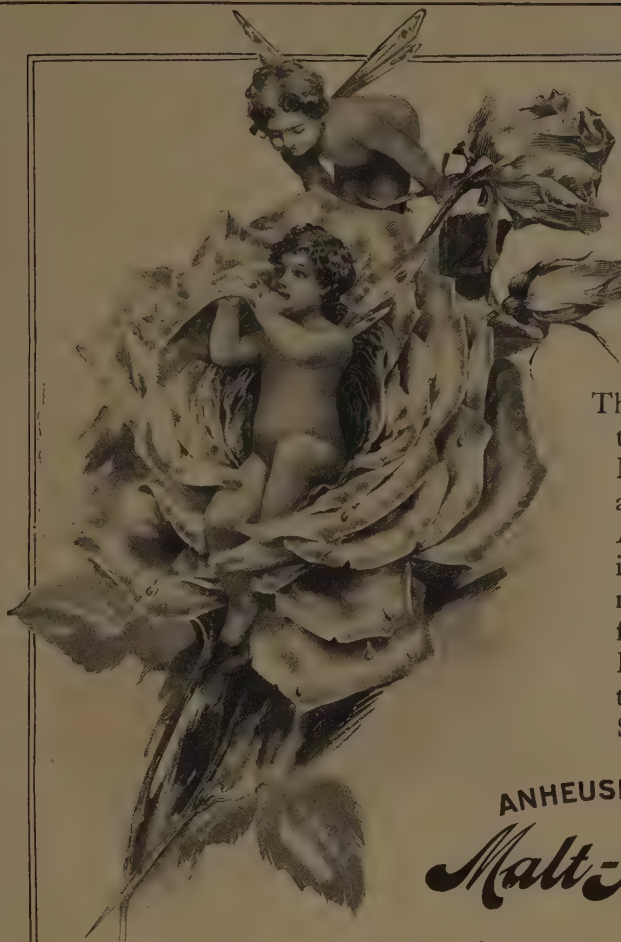
When we come to examine the successful plays which have been produced and are being prosperously exploited by some of our leading managers, it is impossible not to wonder whether the popular taste, which naturally must always have its simple side, is not just now exceptionally puerile.—*Manchester Guardian.*

Plays, Season 1906-1907

We give herewith a list of the new plays produced in New York City from August, 1906, to June, 1907. The biggest successes of the season, judging by the length of their respective runs, have been: 1st, "The Chorus Lady," 299 times; 2d, "The Red Mill," 274 times; 3d, "The Great Divide," 234 times; 4th, "The Three of Us," 227 times; 5th, "The Hypocrites," 217 times; 6th, "The Man of the Hour," 195 times; 7th, "The Rose of the Rancho," 192 times; 8th, "The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer," 187 times; 9th, "The Parisian Model, 179 times; 10th, "The Rose of the Rancho, 169 times.

The following plays survived into their second year: "The Music Master," 631 times; "The Lion and the Mouse," 586 times; "The Girl of the Golden West," 397 times; "Peter Pan," 291 times; "Mlle. Modiste," 202 times; "The Social Whirl," 195 times; "Brown of Harvard," 178 times. Other runs alphabetically arranged, were as follows:

About Town	Herald Square	Aug.	30	138
Aero Club	Criterion	Jan.	1	22
All-of-a-Sudden Peggy	Bijou	Feb.	11	34
Ambitious Mrs. Alcott, The	Astor	Apr.	1	24
Barbara's Millions	Savoy	Oct.	8	14
Belle of London Town	Lincoln Square	Jan.	28	16
Belle of Mayfair, The	Daly's	Dec.	3	140
Blue Moon, The	Casino	Nov.	3	76
Boys of Company B, The	Lyceum	Apr.	8	48
Brewster's Millions	New Am. (67)	Dec.	31	
	Hudson (96)	Feb.	25	163
Brigadier Girard	Savoy	Nov.	5	16
Cæsar and Cleopatra	New Amsterdam	Oct.	30	49
Cape Cod Folks	Acad. of Music	Oct.	15	24
Captain Brassbound's Conversion	Empire	Jan.	28	14
Caught in the Rain	Garrick	Dec.	31	161
Chorus Lady, The	Savoy (37)	Sept.	1	
	Garrick (8)	Oct.	8	
	Hackett (254)	Oct.	15	299
Clarice	Garrick	Oct.	16	79
Clothes	Manhattan	Sept.	11	113
Colombe's Birthday	Hudson	Dec.	17	2
Comtesse Coquette	Bijou	Apr.	12	43
Curious Accident, A	Lyric	Apr.	4	1
Daughters of Men, The	Astor (59)	Nov.	19	
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Mch.	4	67
Day Before, The	Berkeley Ly	Oct.	24	2
Dear Unfair Sex, The	Liberty	Sept.	10	21
Double Life, The	Bijou	Dec.	24	12
Dream City	Weber's (102)	Dec.	25	
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Apr.	15	110
Eileen Asthore	New York (16)	Oct.	22	
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	May	6	24
Flag Station, The	Lyceum	Apr.	30	2
Flower Boat, The	Irving Place	Apr.	22	6
Genesee of the Hills	Astor	Feb.	11	26
Genius, The	Bijou (35)	Oct.	1	
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Nov.	12	43
Girl and the Governor, The	Manhattan	Feb.	4	26
Girl Patsy, The	Savoy	May	26	17
Girl Who Has Everything, The	Liberty	Dec.	4	48
Good Hope, The	Empire	Feb.	11	8
Grand Mogul, The	New Amsterdam	Mch.	25	40
Great Decide, The	Herald Square	Nov.	15	53
His Honor the Mayor	New York (72)	May	28	
	Wallack's (32)	July	30	
	Har. Op. H. (8)	Sept.	19	
	Wallack's (16)	Sept.	17	
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Dec.	17	136
His House in Order	Empire	Sept.	3	127
House of Mirth, The	Savoy	Oct.	22	14
Hypocrites, The	Hudson (209)	Aug.	30	
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Apr.	22	217
In the Bishop's Carriage	Grand Opera H.	Feb.	25	8
Jeanne d'Arc	Lyric	Jan.	29	17
John the Baptist	Lyric	Jan.	21	8
John Hudson's Wife	Weber's	Sept.	20	27
Judge and the Jury, The	Wallack's	Sept.	1	17
King Rene's Daughter	New Amsterdam	Oct.	15	8
Kreutzer Sonata, The	Lyric (B. Kalich)	Sept.	10	19
	Man. (B. Walsh)	Aug.	13	29
	Grand Opera H.			8
Lady Jim	Weber's	Aug.	28	23
Land of Nod, The	New York	Apr.	1	17
Law and the Man, The	Manhattan	Dec.	20	54
Lemonade Boy, The	Lyceum	Apr.	30	2
Light Eternal, The	Majestic	Dec.	10	16
Lilac Room, The	Weber's	Apr.	3	4
Little Cherub, The	Criterion (151)	Aug.	6	
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)			159
Little Eyolf	Carnegie Lyceum	May	13	1
Little Michus, The	Garden	Jan.	31	29
Little Stranger, The	Hackett	Aug.	27	25
Love Letter, The	Lyric	Oct.	9	23
Love Route, The	Lincoln Square	Oct.	30	40
Madam Butterfly (Opera)	Garden	Nov.	12	49
Magic Knight, The	Weber's (102)	Dec.	25	
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Apr.	15	110
Mam'zelle Champagne	Mad.Sq.R'f(75)	June	25	
	Berkeley Lyceum	Oct.	24	75
Mam'selle Sallie	Gr'd Op. H. (9)	Nov.	26	
	New York (16)	Dec.	3	25
Man and His Angel	Hackett	Sept.	18	7
Man from Now, The	New Amsterdam	Sept.	3	28
Man of the Hour, The	Savoy	Dec.	4	195
Markheim	New Amsterdam	Oct.	22	4
Marriage of Reason, A	Wallack's	Apr.	1	14
Marrying Mary	Daly's (43)	Aug.	27	
	Gr'd Op. H. (9)	Dec.	24	52
Matilda	Lincoln Square	Dec.	31	17
Mauricette	New Amsterdam	Oct.	25	2
Measure of a Man, The	Weber's	Oct.	20	15
Mills of the Gods, The	Astor (32)	Mch.	4	
	Manhattan (16)	Apr.	1	48
Mimic and the Maid, The	Bijou	Jan.	11	2
Mrs. Wilson-Andrews	Bijou (61)	Nov.	5	
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)			59
Mizpah	Acad. of Music	Sept.	24	24
Monkey's Paw, The	Lyceum	Apr.	30	2
My Lady's Maid	Casino	Sept.	20.	44
My Wife Is not Stylish (Mia Mogle no ha Chic)	Lyric	Apr.	2	1
Neptune's Daughter	Hippodrome	Nov.	28	24 wks
New York Idea, The	Lyric	Nov.	19	66
Nurse Marjorie	Liberty	Oct.	3	49
On Parole	Majestic	Feb.	25	32
Orchid, The	Herald Square	Apr.	8	48



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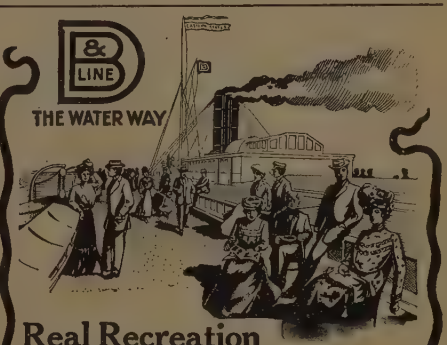

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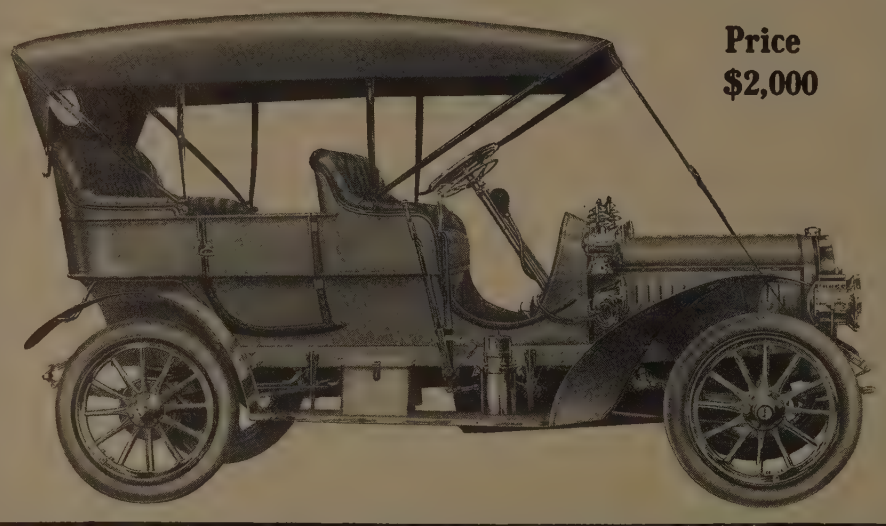

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Paolo and Francesca	New Amsterdam	Oct.	1	17
Papa Lebonnard	Lyric	Mch.	18	8
Papa Martin (La Gerla di Papa Martin)	Lyric	Apr.	10	1
Parisian Model, The	Broadway	Nov.	27	179
Peer Gynt	New Amsterdam	Feb.	25	22
Pioneer Days	Hippodrome	Nov.	28	24 wks
Pippa Passes	Majestic	Nov.	12	9
Poor People (Povera Gente)	Lyric	Mch.	29	1
Popularity	Wallack's	Oct.	1	24
Price of Money	Garrick	Aug.	29	42
Primrose Path, The	Majestic	May	6	16
Prince of India, The	Broadway	Sept.	24	73
Princess Beggar	Casino	Jan.	7	40
Reckoning, The	Berkeley Lyceum	Feb.	12	73
Red Mill, The	Knickerbocker	Sept.	24	274
Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer, The	Wallack's	Oct.	22	187
Road to Yesterday, The	Herald Sq. (113)	Dec.	31	
	Lyric (40)	Apr.	15	153
Rose of the Alhambra, The	Majestic	Feb.	4	26
Rose of the Rancho, The	Belasco	Nov.	26	192
Salomy Jane	Liberty	Jan.	19	122
Sam Houston	Garden	Oct.	16	22
Seeing New York	New York Roof	June	5	75
Shulamite, The	Lyric	Oct.	29	25
Silver Box, The	Empire	Mch.	18	20
Sir Anthony	Savoy	Nov.	19	16
Spoilers, The	New York	Mch.	11	16
Spring Chicken, The	Daly's (66)	Oct.	8	
	New Am. (25)	Dec.	10	
	Daly's (24)	Apr.	1	115
Stolen Story, The	Garden	Oct.	2	15
Straight Road, The	Astor	Jan.	7	40
Student King, The	Garden	Dec.	25	40
Susan in Search of a Husband	Liberty	Nov.	20	14
Tattooed Man, The	Criterion	Feb.	18	59
Tenement Tragedy, A	Liberty	Nov.	20	6
Three of Us, The	Madison Square	Oct.	17	227
Tourists, The	Majestic	Aug.	25	132
Truth, The	Criterion (24)	Jan.	7	
	Lyceum (10)	Jan.	29	34
Two Mr. Wetherbys, The	Madison Square	Aug.	23	21
Undertow, The	Har. Op. House	Apr.	22	
White Hen, The	Casino	Feb.	16	94
Widower's Houses	Herald Square	Mch.	7	16

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Use a modern scraper to rid the bowl of adhering ashes, never a knife. Keep the stem clean always, and, at least once a week, steam the pipe thoroughly with the cheap little apparatus familiar to most smokers. Polish the pipe daily with chamois leather, or an old silk handkerchief set aside for that purpose. Never clean the pipe with water. If alcohol is used, keep it from the outside of the bowl or it will mar its surface.

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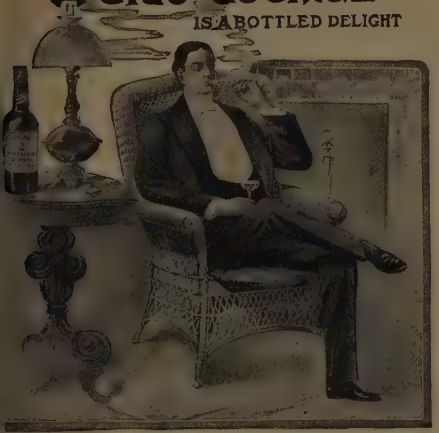

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Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

Miss E. M. C., N. Y.—Q.—Will you kindly tell me of some good vocal teacher who trains for opera? A.—We do not recommend singing teachers. For address of dramatic schools in New York, consult our advertising columns.

Cleveland, Ohio—Q.—If you will write to the management of "The Red Mill" we believe they will furnish the names of the children in the picture you refer to on page 328 of the December issue.

C. B., New Bedford, Mass.—Q.—What was the cast of "Sapho" when played at Wallack's, New York, by Olga Nethersole in February, 1900? A.—Jean Gaussin, Hamilton Revelle; Dechelette, Myron Calice; Uncle Cesaire, Fred. Thorne; Flamant, John Glendinning; Hettema, Franklyn Hurleigh; De Potter, Taylor Holmes; Caoudal, Leonard Outram; Joseph, Gertrude Robinson; M. Anvers, Charles Wellesley; A Concierge, W. Gordon; Mephistopheles, Frank Farrington; A Porter, Richard Warring; Servant of Dechelette, W. S. Mills; Alice Dore, Clara Emory; Madame Hettema, Alexes Leighton; Divonne, Mrs. John Glendinning; Irene, Nellie Thorne; Toto, Anna Whitford; Margot, Carolyn Heustis Graves; Tina de Monte, Maud Clayton; Rosa, Adelaide Cummings; Danseuses, The Sisters Striker; Francine, Mattie Hornes; Fannie Legrand, Olga Nethersole. Q.—Has Julia Marlowe ever played in summer stock in Providence, R. I., if so, who with and what year? A.—It would be easier to find this out in Providence. Consult the files of any newspaper. We are not aware of it if she has.

A. Q., Newark, O.—It would be more advisable to secure an engagement and know what character you will portray before purchasing your wardrobe. In most cases costumes are furnished by the management.

E. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Did Anna Held ever play at Koster & Bial's, 34th St., city, and who was her manager? A.—Yes. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., was her manager.

M. H. G.—Photographs of Maude Adams may be purchased from Meyer Bros., 26 West 33d street. We do not know if she will be willing to autograph it. She is very obliging in this regard, but sometimes too many requests of this kind become a source of annoyance. Miss Adams has starred in "The Little Minister," "Romeo and Juliet," "L'Aiglon," "Quality Street," "The Pretty Sister of Don José," "'Op o' My Thumb" and "Peter Pan."

Chas. P. W., Natchez, Miss.—Q.—In what number of the THEATRE did a criticism of "The College Widow" appear? A.—In November, 1904. Q.—In what number did pictures from same play appear? A.—In October and November, 1904. Q.—What are the prices of these numbers? A.—75 cents each.

C. W. B., New York—Miss Maude Adams has played in "Peter Pan" this entire season. Q.—Have you ever published a series of pictures of her? A.—Pictures of Miss Adams in various rôles have appeared in The Players' Gallery (first two numbers) and in the THEATRE MAGAZINE for July, September and November, 1901; January, 1902; July, September and December, 1903; the February cover, March, April, May and December, 1905; June and October, 1906. Q.—What is considered her best play? A.—Probably "The Little Minister" is the most generally popular.

J. I., San Francisco.—Q.—Can you tell me something about Frank Worthing's life? A.—He was born in England. His first important engagement was with Sarah Thorne. In 1890 he joined Mrs. Patrick Campbell's company. Made his first appearance in America with Olga Nethersole. He was leading man in the Frawley Stock Company, and toured the Pacific Coast. He returned to New York in 1899, and since then has been seen in many metropolitan productions, including "The Climbers," "The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt," and this season with Grace George in "Clothes." Q.—Is the comedy drama "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" published, and if so, where could it be purchased? A.—We do not know; write to a publisher of plays. Consult our advertising columns.

L. L. O., Brockway, Ore.—Q.—What was the original cast of "Aristocracy"? A.—Jefferson Stockton, Wilton Lackaye; Virginia, Viola Allen; Diana Stockton, Blanche Walsh; Sheridan, Paul Arthur; Mr. Hamilton Stuart Lawrence, W. H. Thompson; Mrs. Lawrence, Helen Tracy; Katherine Ten Broeck-Lawrence, Josephine Hall; Stuyvesant Lawrence, S. Miller Kent; Prince Emil von Haldenwald, William Faversham; Octave, Duc de Vigny-Volante, Frederick Bond; The Marquis of Normandale, J. W. Pigott; The Earl of Caryston-Leigh, Bruce McRae; Grimthorpe, Henry W. Montgomery; Martin, Edwin Mordant. Q.—What is the average size of stages in New York theatres? A.—It is impossible to answer this. Some stages are very large, as those in the New York, the Academy of Music, the Broadway, the New Amsterdam, and others; some are small as in the Berkeley Lyceum, the Bijou, Madison Square, etc.

W. B., Chicago.—Q.—Is Katherine Grey on the stage now, and in what? A.—She was last seen at the Berkeley Lyceum, this city, in "The Reckoning."

N. M., Brooklyn.—Q.—In what play did Margaret Anglin appear from September, 1904, to September, 1905? A.—"The Eternal Feminine." Q.—When, where, and in what play did she first appear as a star? A.—In "Zira" in this city, in the Princess Theatre, season of 1905-6. Q.—Was she a member of a San Francisco stock company after leaving the Empire Theatre Company? A.—Yes, for four seasons she played in San Francisco with Mr. Henry Miller's Stock Company.

H. E. J., Montgomery, Ala.—Q.—Will you tell me as much about Fritzi Scheff as space allows? A.—Consult May, 1906, number, when an interview with her appeared. Q.—In what other plays has she starred beside the present one? A.—In "The Two Roses" and in revivals of operettas such as "Girofle-Girofla," "Boccaccio," "Falka," etc. Q.—Can I get a picture of her from Meyer Bros., and is there any charge for her autograph? A.—You can; the only way of obtaining her autograph is to write and ask for it, but she may not care to send it.

Laurel, Md.—Q.—Who was the actor who played "Ben Hur" when the play was taken to London, was vaccinated, and lost his arm? Can you name the year, and did he die? A.—Robert Taber played the rôle in London; we have never heard of the remarkable tale you mention, and he did not die under any such circumstances. He died two years ago in this country of tuberculosis. "Ben Hur" was produced in London in 1902.

C. A. D., Boston, Mass.—Q.—Can you tell me if the music of "Von Barwig's Symphonic Theme," by William Furst in "The Music Master" is published, and where I may obtain a copy of it? A.—We think not. Write to Mr. Furst.

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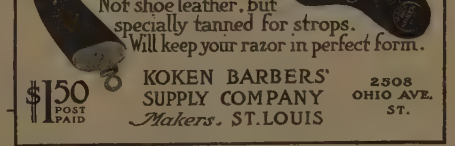

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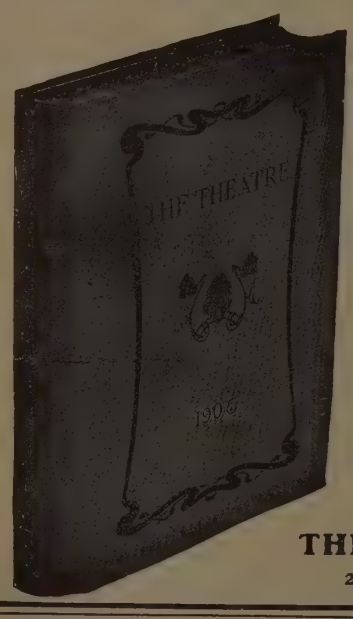

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26 WEST THIRTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK

Mrs. M. W., N. Y.—Q.—Will you kindly inform me when "The Pretty Sister of José" was last played in New York, and who took the leading rôles? A.—"The Pretty Sister of José" was last played in New York in 1903. Maude Adams and Henry Ainsley played the leading rôles.

L. B., Buffalo, N. Y.—Q.—When and where was Harry Woodruff born? A.—Jersey City in 1870. Q.—Will he have a new play this season? A.—No, we believe not. He is still playing in "Brown of Harvard." Q.—Will you give me a brief sketch of Ethel Barrymore's career? A.—Her first appearance was at the Empire Theatre on September 23, 1895, when she played the rôle of Katherine in Henry Guy Carleton's comedy "That Independent Young Person." In 1896 she became a member of the Empire Stock Company. In 1900 she became a star under the management of Charles Frohman, her first appearance being in "Captain Jinks."

D. R.—Q.—Where did Elsie Janis spend her summer? A.—We do not know. Q.—Is there no way for a young lady to make the acquaintance of an actress? A.—There is no way that we know of. Q.—Will you publish Elsie Janis' picture? A.—See above, this column.

C. T. C., Baltimore, Md.—Q.—Where can I procure a souvenir book of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" with Miss Russell as Puck? A.—Write to Annie Russell or her manager. Q.—A souvenir book of "Peter Pan" with Maude Adams as Peter Pan? A.—Write to Maude Adams or her manager.

R. B. M., "Newton."—Q.—Has H. B. Warner played in New York before this year? If so, in what has he appeared? A.—Henry Byron Warner came to America in 1905. The following year he made his first appearance in "Nurse Majorie" in support of Eleanor Robson. His father is Charles Warner, the well-known English actor.

M. C. S.—Q.—Is it true that William Gillette is to remain in New York appearing in a series of plays under Mr. Frohman's management? A.—It is not probable. Mr. Gillette is at present en tour appearing in "Clarice." Q.—Will he appear again in New York in "Clarice"? A.—Very likely. We do not know exactly when. Q.—Do you expect to have an interview with William Gillette? A.—We cannot state when.

G. E. B., Phila., Pa.—Q.—What will Charlotte Walker play in this season? A.—She is at present appearing in "On Parole" with Vincent Serrano. Q.—When will she come to Philadelphia? A.—Write to her or her manager.

Melrose, Madison, N. Y.—Q.—Are Edward Harrigan and Mrs. Annie Yeamans to play "Cordelia's Aspirations" this season? A.—Edward Harrigan and Annie Yeamans are at present touring in "Old Lavender." It is not announced that they will appear in "Cordelia's Aspirations."

Frances McClung.—Q.—Will you publish a short sketch of May Buckley's life? A.—She was born in San Francisco, Cal., and was educated in New York. Her début was as a child in "May Blossom" in San Francisco. She played in the Booth and Barrett Company and then appeared in "The Burglar." She then joined the stock company of the Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco. In 1897 David Belasco starred her in the New York production of "The First Born." She went to London in 1905. In 1906 she acted with Raymond Hitchcock in "The Galloper" until the summer when she went to Denver, Col. to fill a stock engagement at Elitch's Gardens.

Stage Struck.—Q.—Can you tell me the names and ages of the four Farnum brothers? A.—Dustin Farnum has two brothers, William Farnum and Marshall Farnum. They are all about the same age, with a year or two difference. Q.—Where can I procure pictures of Sothern and Marlowe in their new plays? A.—Pictures have appeared in the December, 1906, number, and the January February and March numbers of 1907. Photographs may be purchased from Meyer Bros., 26 West 33d street. Q.—Will Sothern and Marlowe remain together for another season? A.—No.

A Faithful Reader.—Q.—Can I procure a photograph of Vivian Brewster from Meyer Bros.? A.—Yes; the price is 75 cents. Q.—What new plays will Ellen Terry produce on her present tour? A.—Ellen Terry has appeared in New York in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" and "The Good Hope." Q.—Has Robert Hilliard a brother by the name of Harry S. Hilliard? A.—We cannot say.

Mrs. C. B., Saginaw, Mich.—Q.—I wish to procure the play "Lord Chumley" (formerly used by E. H. Sothern) for presentation by amateurs. Will you kindly tell me where to write for it? A.—Write to Samuel French, 22 West 22d street, New York, or to T. S. Denison of Chicago, Ill.

I. S. C., New Britain, Conn.—Q.—Is Annie Russell in any way related to Lillian Russell? A.—No, she is not. Q.—What is the name of Lillian Russell's daughter? A.—Dorothy Russell. Q.—Will you please give me a few brief facts concerning Annie Russell? A.—She was born in Liverpool, England, and taken to Canada when a child. her first appearance was as Jeanne in "Miss Moulton" at the Academy of Music, Montreal. Then she came to New York and joined Haverly's Juvenile "Pinafore" Company as a member of the chorus. When only fifteen she made a big hit in "Esmeralda." In 1895 she became leading woman for Nat C. Goodwin. In 1899 she starred in "Miss Hobbs." In 1905 she went to London playing the title rôle in Bernard Shaw's "Major Barbara."

M. E. Clayton, Philadelphia, Pa.—Q.—Have you ever interviewed Edward Sothern? A.—Yes, in the March number of 1903. Q.—Where can I procure a copy of "John the Baptist," as played by Sothern and Marlowe? A.—We are not aware that it is published.

Q.—When will Sothern and Marlowe play in Philadelphia again, and will they produce "As You Like It"? A.—Sothern and Marlowe are now in England and will not be seen in your city until next year, and then each one starring separately.

W. H. L., Troy, N. Y.—Q.—Will you kindly inform me where I can obtain a copy of the book "Comical Confessions of a Clever Comedian," by DeWolf Hopper and F. P. Pitzer? A.—If you write to DeWolf Hopper no doubt he will tell you where you may obtain a copy of the book.

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Shakespeare in Russia

You are aware how severely Tolstoi has been riticising Shakespeare. His judgment is not supported by the people of Russia, and the curious xperiment I am about to describe proves it. In n interesting collection called "Books the People hould Read," figure two of the Shakespearian lays denounced by Tolstoi—"King Lear" and Hamlet."

These two plays were recently read aloud be-ore an audience of moujiks, and not only aroused eep feeling, but produced a profound moral impression. The audience followed the story with ose attention and keen interest, and the observaons some of them made showed that they comrehended the sentiments and motives by which hakespeare's characters were actuated. Sometmes they mixed up the names of Cordelia and oneril, but they recognized them when they oke.

"Ah! ah! that's the youngest speaking now!" urmured the audience in their gush of symathy for Cordelia.

"She doesn't know how to bestow flattery," remarked the peasant girls, siding with King Lear's oungest daughter.

"Oh! the villain! He is abandoning her beause she hasn't more money!" exclaimed the ttle working girls when the Duke of Burgundy enounces Cordelia's hand.

When King Lear, ejected by his oldest daughter, eeks a refuge with the second, the audience arned him he would get the same treatment as ith the first. The old man's tragical lot more nd more appealed to the listeners, and the scene pon the plain moved them to tears. Instead of uppressed sobs, you heard this cry from a mouk: "Ah! he remembers the unfortunate now! le has known misery himself, and it has made im a different man!"

At Cordelia's death there was an outburst of obbing, and a long silence, due to the deepest motion, followed the reading.

Afterward, the play was discussed. Some ought Lear deserved his fate. "He was too omineering, too despotic; he wanted every one bend to him; he was too fond of flattery." thers, moved by pity, had compassion upon the d man and tried to justify his conduct. "He ad a good heart; he was capricious only now nd then. How easily he forgave the fool for s mocking remarks! He let pride run away ith him just once, and think how dearly he paid r that!"

The reading of Hamlet was another proof that hakespeare can be understood by an audience evoid of culture. The plot of the tragedy had n immediate interest for the audience, and Hamt's hesitations found excellent explanations.

"His father has told him to avenge his death, ut he can't decide to; that is why he is reoaching himself and tormenting himself. It akes me pity him. He wants to make sure it as really his uncle who killed his father; that's hy he delays."

"What more does he want?" asked an aged oman. "Why does he hesitate after his father as returned from the grave to tell him? No, can't make up his mind to kill him; that's why waits."

"But how does that prove that his father apeared to him? Maybe it was only a vision. It n't easy to make up one's mind to kill a man."

Mme. Altchewski, who repeated to me this diague between women of the peasantry regarding amlet, remarks—not without justice—that their ews coincide with those of the most eminent itics.

The monologue, "To be or not to be," wasn't mprehended at the first reading, and the audice asked to hear it again.

"He is talking about death," a young girl then id. "He would like to die, but he's afraid to."

A third reading of the monologue was deanded.

"No doubt life is hard," remarked several teners, "but who knows what awaits us in the her world?"

"It's a sin to commit suicide," objected the aged oman; "however hard life may be, it's our duty live."

Hamlet's treatment of Ophelia didn't astonish e peasant woman, and it called forth some very cellent comments.

"He no longer believes in any one. That is y he doubts even her."

The scene that brings on the play within a play lighted the audience, but they were especially cited over Hamlet's interview with his mother.

"How well he speaks to her! It is impossible at that shouldn't touch her heart!"

And when the Queen cries, "Tell me what I ght to do! Tell me what I ought to do!"—

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and when Hamlet all at once alters his tone, a voice from the audience called out:

"He thought she had repented, and she asks him what she ought to do. If she had repented, she would know what she ought to do; she would abandon her husband, and not continue to live with that assassin."

Ophelia's plight moved the audience to tears. The last scene of the tragedy was listened to with breathless attention. Hamlet's death filled them with sorrow, for they all pitied him.

"He was good; how kind he was to his mother! He reasoned too much, and couldn't act promptly."

"Othello" was subjected to the same test with no less success. The opening scenes seemed obscure, but little by little the audience showed sympathy for Othello and Desdemona; and when Brabantio bade the Moor watch his daughter closely because she had deceived her father, every one protested. They were already unanimous in siding with Desdemona.

The second act—Montano's conversation with the two officers, the quarrel in the street, Iago's intrigues revealed in lengthy monologues—wearied the listeners, but the acts that followed made them forget that interval of fatigue. Their pale faces, filled with emotion, and their nervous sobbing, or suppression of sobbing, showed that the impression made upon them was a strong one.

"She's an angel! She's a saint!" they kept saying.

They all expected that Desdemona would succeed in vindicating herself and that the whole plot would come to naught. When the catastrophe arrived, tears flowed in torrents, and it was a long time before the audience recovered from the strain and shock.

"For my part, it's Othello I pity the most," cried a young workingwoman. "The poor wife didn't suffer long, but he—how he must have suffered!"

"If he hadn't loved her so madly, he wouldn't have smothered her," said a tall, blond girl. Then she hid her face in her handkerchief and wept a long while.

All the listeners who could read asked for copies of "King Lear," "Hamlet," and "Othello," that they might read them at their leisure at home.

It is truly surprising that the illiterate moujik's sensitiveness to the beauty of Shakespeare's work should have escaped Tolstoi's knowledge, for he knows the Russian peasant remarkably well. The only explanation for his error is that spirit of opposition to everybody else's opinion which Tolstoi has all his life so violently manifested.—*Translated from Le Temps in the Boston Evening Transcript.*

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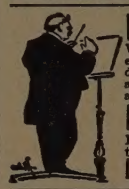

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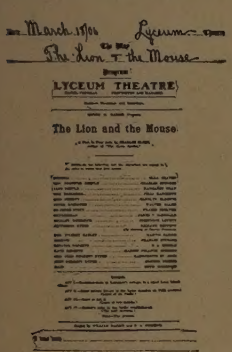

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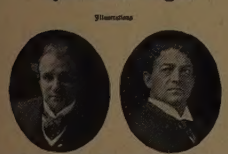

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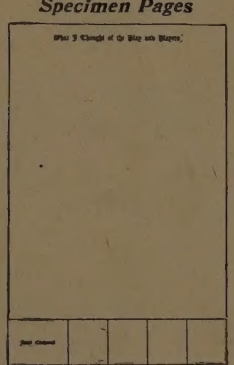

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